THE BOOKMAN

A MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE AND LIFE

JUNE, 1916

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

Notes on R. H. Davis

WHEN *Soldiers of Fortune* was in the first full swing of its success as a "best seller" some one figured out that its hero, Robert Clay, could not have achieved the various feats of arms, diplomacy and engineering ascribed him in less than a certain amount of time—say one hundred years. Perhaps, literally, that was true. But in explanation, if not in extenuation, it must be recalled that Richard Harding Davis, dying at the age of fifty-two, had lived as it is given to very few men to live. One of his months was equal to at least a full year in the career of the average man. Even those who were closest to him never quite realised the variety of his activities. Few brothers were ever more devoted to each other than were Richard Harding and Charles Belmont Davis. "What a life his was!" said Mr. Charles Belmont Davis the other day. "Close as we were, I never even guessed its richness until going through his papers after his death." With the exception of Colonel Roosevelt probably no modern American has had a career comparable in action and dramatic interest to that of Richard Harding Davis.

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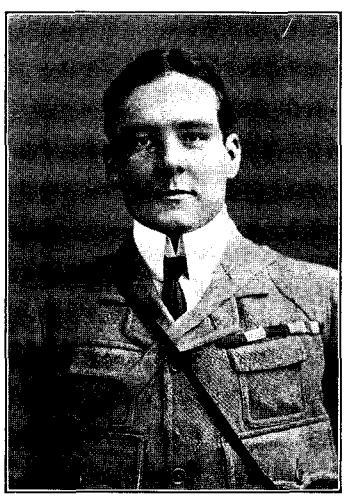
Most writers of fiction have been autobiographical at time. But Mr. Davis was almost always autobiographical. That is, he builded a day-dream with himself in the principal rôle and then capitalised that day-dream by turning it into fiction. In his early days he was Cortlandt Van Bibber, going about like some knight errant of old, righting wrongs and performing a thousand kindly actions. In imagination he was "The Reporter Who Made Himself



RICHARD HARDING DAVIS IN A COSTUME THAT AFFORDED THE AMERICAN PRESS VAST AMUSEMENT. IN HIS FIRST CAMPAIGN HE HAD LEARNED THE SERVICEABLE QUALITIES OF KHAKI, A MATERIAL THAT WAS THEN LITTLE KNOWN IN THIS COUNTRY. HE ADOPTED IT WHEN ABOUT TO START FOR HIS SECOND CAMPAIGN. THE COSTUME WAS REGARDED AS AN ECCENTRICITY AND WAS MADE THE TARGET FOR RIDICULE IN MANY OF OUR NEWSPAPERS

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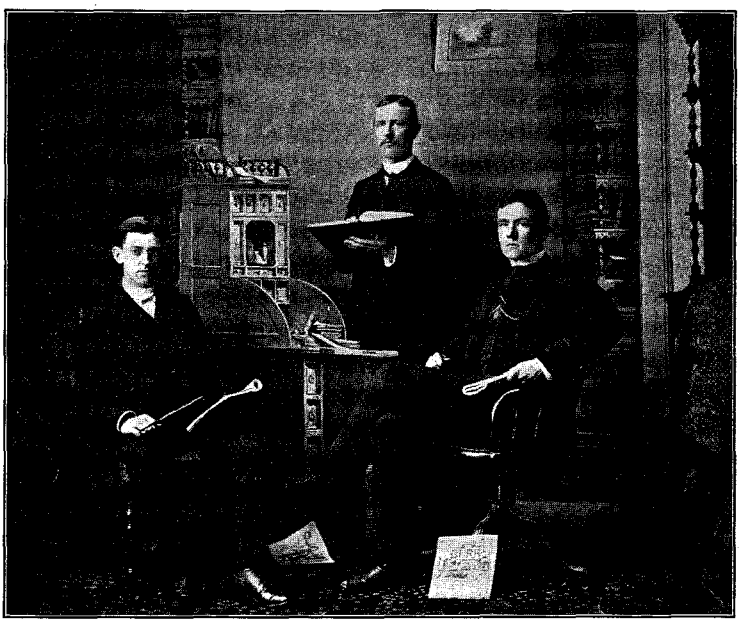

RICHARD HARDING DAVIS AS ONE OF THE EDITORS OF HIS COLLEGE PAPER, THE LEHIGH "BURR." STANDING IS CHARLES PLATT. THE MAN SEATED ON THE LEFT WAS THE BUSINESS MANAGER OF THE PAPER, BUT MR. CHARLES BELMONT DAVIS DOES NOT REMEMBER HIS NAME. THIS PICTURE WAS TAKEN ABOUT 1885, WHEN MR. DAVIS WAS TWENTY-ONE YEARS OF AGE

King." He was Robert Clay of *Soldiers of Fortune* and Archie Gordon of *The King's Jackal*. Above all he was Royal Macklin. Two or three months ago there appeared in THE BOOKMAN a roster of an imaginary Kipling Battalion now serving at the front. Certainly Mr. Davis's heroes and heroines have not been backward in their devotion to a cause in which their creator himself so passionately believed. We have ventured the opinion that Van Bibber is driving an ambulance "somewhere in France." With Van Bibber is his fellow New Yorker of other days, Travers. Perhaps even closer to the firing line or under sod marked by rough crosses are Captain Macklin, and Robert Clay, and Prince Kalonay, and Archie Gordon, and Gallegher, and Lloyd Carroll, and McWilliams, and Lieutenant Ranson, and, of course, General Laguerre and a score more. His women, Hope Clay and Miss Catherweight and Miss Cuyler, and Helen Fiske, and Helen Page, and Beatrice Endicott are nurses for the Red Cross.

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To understand his characters one must remember first of all the colour and activity of Mr. Davis's own life. In addition he possessed to a rare degree what, for a better term, may be called "unconscious hyperbole." To illustrate. Some years ago he was in correspondence with the writer of these paragraphs about trips distinctly away from the beaten path. One of them that Mr. Davis mapped out included Venezuela, then in a state of decided unrest. He suggested going from San Juan to Porto Rico to Curaçoa, and then across on a mail boat in the event of the siege being raised. "The allies are at rest," he went on to say, "but the Revolution still continues. I sent ——— there on the twenty-third of November and he returned last week. In six weeks he had seen some fighting, taken thirty-six photographs of Castro, was decorated with the Order of Boli-

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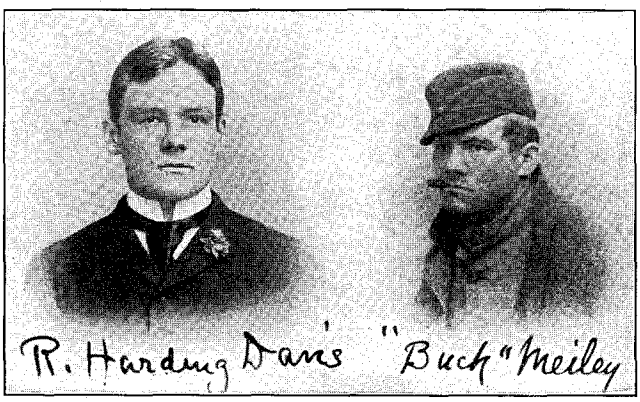

Courtesy of Henry E. Dixey, Esq.

R. HARDING DAVIS AS HIMSELF AND AS "BUCK" MEILEY. HIS FIRST EXPLOIT AS A PHILADELPHIA REPORTER WAS TO DON THE GARMENTS OF THE UNDERWORLD AND MAKE THE ACQUAINTANCE OF A GANG OF ACTIVE BURGLARS. HE GREATLY ADMIRED THE ACTING OF HIS FRIEND, HENRY E. DIXEY, WHO WAS PLAYING IN PHILADELPHIA AT THE TIME. AFTER THIS PICTURE WAS TAKEN HE HAD A PRINT SENT TO MR. DIXEY, ON THE BACK OF WHICH IS WRITTEN: "TO MY DEAR FRIEND HENRY E. DIXEY WHOSE MAKE-UP AS 'BOSS' KNIVETT I COPIED AND WHOSE SUGGESTION I FOLLOWED WHEN I SPENT A WEEK AMONG THE 'CONFIDING CROOKS OF WOOD STREET.'" "BOSS" KNIVETT WAS A CHARACTER IN GEORGE R. SIMMS'S PLAY "THE ROMANY RYE"

var, and a gold medal 'for Literature,' made a Colonel of Artillery, and caught the yellow fever and escaped after paying for the services of four doctors and three nurses. So, you see, it's lively down there." If this represents to Mr. Davis's eyes six weeks of actual life, small wonder that matters move rapidly in his romances.

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Gallegher

About the year 1886 there was an office boy in the employ of the Philadelphia *Press* who answered to the name of Tommy Gallegher. One day Gallegher went to Mr. Albert H. Hoeckley, who was the city editor of the paper, and informed him that a young man was outside who wanted to see him. The young man was Richard Harding Davis. Mr. Hoeckley recalls a tall stripling wearing a long yellow ulster with light green stripes in it. The applicant mentioned his father, L. Clarke Davis, of the Philadelphia *Inquirer,* told of his ambition to be a newspaper man, and referred to his short experience on the Philadelphia *Record,* where they had given him eighteen or nineteen assignments every day, and only seven dollars a week. He confided to Mr. Hoeckley his belief that the city editor did not like him because he wore gloves. "He started in that day," recalls Mr. Hoeckley, "and proceeded to make good." A gang of burglars was making trouble for the police and city officials. The new reporter donned a sweater, cap and overalls, and adopted the name of "Buck" Meiley. The make-up was copied from that of "Boss" Knivett of *The Romany Rye,* as played by Henry E. Dixey. He went to the saloon that was known to be the headquarters of the gang, was accepted in the assumed rôle, and included in the plans to commit a robbery at a house on a certain night. He then notified the police to be on hand, and went with the burglars, was arrested with them and had them all sent to prison.

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RICHARD HARDING DAVIS AND HIS THREE DOGS, NAMED BOURKE, JAGGERS AND MACKLIN. TAKEN ABOUT ABOUT 1903

The Tommy Gallegher who ushered young Davis into the presence of the city editor of the *Press* was the Gallegher of the story. He was a precocious youth whose mind was a rag bag filled with odds and ends of all kinds of information. It was the time of bare knuckle fighting under the old London Prize Ring rules, and many contests took place in the neighbourhood of Philadelphia. One of these battles was between Jack Dempsey, the Nonpareil, of New York, and Mike Mallon, of Pittsburgh. Richard Harding Davis was assigned to cover it, and what he saw he later described in several very vivid pages of *Gallegher*. The fight took place by night in a stable in one of the city suburbs. Mallon had been a favourite in the betting, but Dempsey proved a veritable surprise and was about to administer the *coup de grace* when the doors were smashed in by the police, who proceeded to arrest principals, seconds, and all the spectators. The protests of the newspaper men that they were there not of their own will but as a matter of business necessity were unheeded. Davis, however, slipped his report of the fight to Gallegher, who, on account of his youth and slight figure, was able to slip through the cordon that had been drawn and make his way back to the paper with the story in time for the morning edition.

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Hat-box Days

The city editor of the Philadelphia *Press* recalled the long yellow ulster with the pale green stripes. That was his first impression. In 1890 Davis left Philadelphia for New York. He sought a position as a reporter on the *Evening Sun*. Mr. W. C. McCloy, then the city editor, received him. Mr. McCloy recalls that the applicant was carrying a hat box. At that period of his career Davis was going through life clinging to the hat box. It accompanied him everywhere. Since Mr. Davis's death the story has been frequently told that his application was rejected at the *Evening Sun* office, but that he promptly won the sought-for place by going out into the street and rounding up a gang of green-goods men. A slight error. That exploit came after he had been some time in the employ of the paper. He

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL THEODORE ROOSEVELT, OF THE ROUGH RIDERS, AND RICHARD HARDING DAVIS, WAR CORRESPONDENT, NEAR SANTIAGO DE CUBA IN 1898

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was in the habit of spending Sunday in Philadelphia, leaving New York by the Saturday noon train, and returning early Monday morning. One Saturday morning about eleven he approached the city editor to ask for the usual permission to leave. "You can go," said Mr. McCloy, "if you will write a story and turn it in Monday." "What shall I write about?" asked the reporter. "Describe what you see on the train and call it 'New York to Philadelphia from a Car Window.'" Davis did so. In later years he wrote *The West From a Car Window.*

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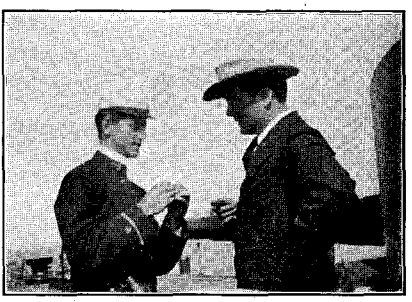
It was after one of the week-end visits to Philadelphia that Davis fell in with the green-goods man. He had left the ferry at Cortlandt Street and was making his way across City Hall Park when he was approached by the persuasive stranger. The reporter listened to the tale and then looked for a policeman. None being in sight Davis himself took a firm grip on the man's coat collar and delivered him into custody. He then went to his desk in the *Evening Sun* office and wrote the story of the capture. To his intense disgust it was printed under the flippant heading "Our Green Reporter." Incidentally, the would-be swindler was sent to Blackwell's Island, not so much on account of his professional practices, as because he had been idiot enough to select a New York newspaper reporter as a victim. Both the Powers that Rule and the Powers that



RICHARD HARDING DAVIS ON BOARD THE UNITED STATES BATTLESHIP "NEW YORK" IN THE HARBOUR OF VERA CRUZ, MEXICO, IN THE SPRING OF 1914

RICHARD HARDING DAVIS IN GREECE AT THE TIME OF THE GRECO-TURKISH WAR OF 1897. THIS WAS HIS FIRST EXPERIENCE AS A WAR CORRESPONDENT. SUBSEQUENTLY HE FOLLOWED THE CAMPAIGNS IN CUBA IN 1898, IN SOUTH AFRICA IN 1899 AND 1900, IN JAPAN AND MANCHURIA IN 1904, AND IN BELGIUM AND NORTHERN FRANCE IN 1914. THE SCENES OF HIS FIRST ACTIVITIES AS A WAR CORRESPONDENT WERE THE SCENES OF HIS LAST. IN "WITH THE FRENCH IN FRANCE AND SALONIKA" HE DESCRIBED THE HARDSHIPS WHICH THE ALLIED FRENCH AND ENGLISH FORCES ENCOUNTERED IN GREECE DURING THE ARDUOUS WINTER OF 1915-16. THESE HARDSHIPS HE HIMSELF SHARED, AND THEY UNDOUBTEDLY CONTRIBUTED TO BRINGING ABOUT HIS DEATH. HE WAS ILL IN ATHENS LAST JANUARY. WITH MR. DAVIS DURING THE CAMPAIGN OF 1897 WAS STEPHEN CRANE

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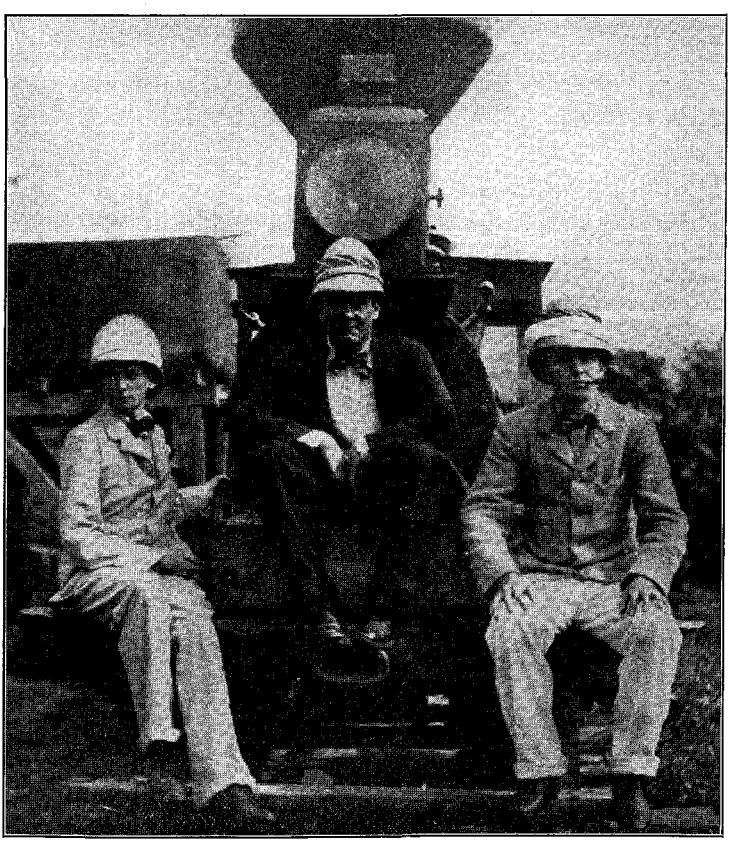
Prey felt that his stupidity deserved no better fate. But it was not that exploit nor the writing of the Van Bibber tales that won Davis his first promotion. That came, his fellow-reporters used to say, from "bawling out the boss." Arthur Brisbane had been made managing editor of the paper. The 1890 Thanksgiving Day football game between Yale and Princeton took place at Easton Park, Brooklyn, and young Davis was assigned to cover it, with a ticket entitling him to a place on the side lines. Mr. Brisbane went to the game and took a friend. The editor had a side line ticket for himself, but none for his guest, so he sought to requisition the ticket of the young reporter. The latter's refusal was couched in language neither gentle nor diplomatic. He would not relinquish his rights. He needed that ticket himself. He was there to cover the game and no friend of a managing-editor could have his place. That night Mr. Brisbane went to the office and wrathfully related the incident. "What shall we do?" was asked. "Do?" retorted Mr. Brisbane. "Why, raise his salary!"



RICHARD HARDING DAVIS AS ONE OF THREE GRINGOES IN SOUTH AMERICA. MR. DAVIS OCCUPIES THE PLACE BENEATH THE HEADLIGHT OF THE LOCOMOTIVE. ON THE RIGHT IS LLOYD C. GRISCOM, WHO HAS HAD A CONSPICUOUS CAREER IN THE DIPLOMATIC SERVICE OF THE UNITED STATES, SERVING IN TURKEY, PERSIA, AND JAPAN, AND FINALLY GOING TO BRAZIL IN 1906 AS AMBASSADOR EXTRAORDINARY AND PLENIPOTENTIARY. ON THE LEFT IS HENRY CHARLES SOMERS AUGUSTUS SOMERSET, A SON OF LORD HENRY SOMERSET, AND OF LADY ISABEL SOMERSET

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HENRY MILLER, RICHARD HARDING DAVIS, AND JOHN DREW, IN FRONT OF MR. DAVIS'S HOME AT MARION, MASSACHUSETTS, IN 1903. MR. DAVIS'S PLAY, "THE TAMING OF HELEN," WAS BEING PRESENTED IN BOSTON WITH HENRY MILLER IN THE LEADING MALE RÔLE. MR. DAVIS INVITED THE *ENTIRE COMPANY TO MARION, AND THE PLAY WAS GIVEN FOR THE BENEFIT* OF THE TOWNSPEOPLE IN THE TOWN HALL ON A STAGE EIGHT OR TEN FEET SQUARE

"Daddy" and Van Bibber

Mr. Davis went to the *Evening Sun* in 1890, and "Gallegher," the first step in fiction in his long march upward, appeared in *Scribner's Magazine* in the same year. As it was a story over which its author had worked hard, and that had been much rewritten, it was probably first mapped out in 1888 or 1889. As has been told, the principal character was suggested by the Philadelphia *Press* boy. There was, among New York newspaper men, for a long time current a yarn that Gallegher was drawn from an *Evening Sun* model. The reason for that was that when Davis went with the paper there was in the office a youth of fourteen or fifteen years of age known as "Daddy" Reaper. His earlier school had been what is known as the "flimsy-shop," that is, the press association service, which supplies news to the newspaper offices on very thin paper. With the *Evening Sun* he was one of the "copy boys," who, before the use of the telephone became so general, were sent with the reporter going out on an assignment to bring back the first part of the written story. "Daddy" took possession of Mr. Davis from the beginning. He followed him everywhere, and the contrast in appearance between the wizened, undersized boy, and the large young man carrying a hat box, was ludicrous in the extreme. But "Daddy" had been bred in the school of stern, old journalism and had little tolerance for the sister branch of the profession. His devotion to Davis did not extend to the Van Bibber stories. For these tales he had nothing but outspoken contempt. Anybody, he scornfully maintained, could write a Van Bibber story. One day, after the paper had gone to press, Davis challenged him to make good his boast. Without the slightest hesitation "Daddy" sat down and wrote the story. In it Van Bibber performed a deed of adventurous chivalry, and was rewarded with a dinner of

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chicken and rice pudding. Chicken and rice pudding represented "Daddy" Reaper's conception of a material heaven.

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"The Editor's Story"

Literally true, almost down to the last detail, was "The Editor's Story." In 1898 Mr. Davis became the managing editor of *Harper's Weekly*. For a time he was annoyed by jokers or envious persons who sent him anonymous material for the sole purpose of embarrassing him. He had to be constantly on his guard. One day there came through the mail some verses without any signature. There was something in the lines that struck him as familiar. A careful search through the files of the magazine and the poem was found in an old number of *The Century*. There was something unusual about the address on the envelope and Mr. Davis waited with the hope of receiving another contribution from the

WINSTON CHURCHILL AND RICHARD HARDING DAVIS. THIS FRIENDLY PICTURE SHOULD DISPEL THE LEGEND THAT MR. CHURCHILL'S FIRST NOVEL, "THE CELEBRITY," WAS WRITTEN FOR THE PURPOSE OF SATIRISING THE CREATOR OF VAN BIBBER

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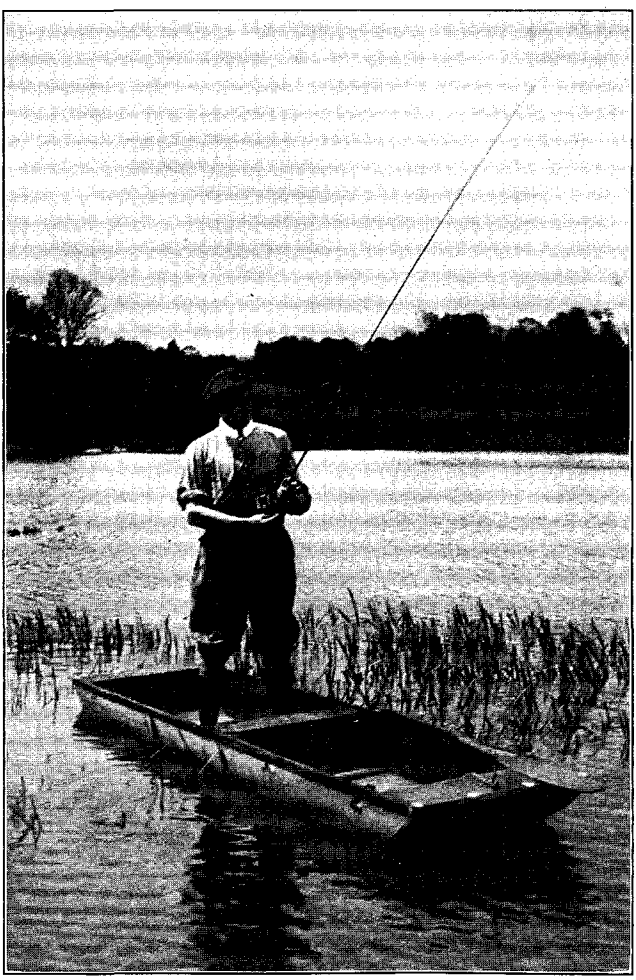
same hand. It came, after several days. The editor called up his friend, Stephen Bonsal, who was then on the New York *Herald,* and the two went to Brooklyn to call on the would-be author. The letter took them to a handsome apartment house, where a servant acknowledged that the gentleman for whom they inquired was at home, but asked them to wait in the anteroom until they could be announced. Disregarding the suggestion, they entered the drawing-room unheralded, and found a man reading, with his little boy playing on the floor by his side. A curt question as to their business was countered by a request that the boy should leave the room. When he had gone the indignant host insisted upon the cause of the intrusion. Mr. Davis went directly to the point of his visit by asking if the anonymous poem, which he thereupon produced, came from him. The host acknowledged that it did, and Mr. Davis informed him that he represented *Harper's Weekly,* that the poem had been copied from *The Century,* and that the would-be plagiarist had made himself criminally liable.



RICHARD HARDING DAVIS FISHING IN HIS LAKE AT MOUNT KISCO

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As in the story afterwards written, just at this stage the curtains parted, and a very attractive young woman, dressed for the street, entered, and, after looking to her husband for an introduc-

THE COMPLIMENTARY PERFORMANCE
given by
HENRY MILLER
And the Ladies and Gentlemen of his Company
of
"THE TAMING OF HELEN."
A MODERN COMEDY IN THREE ACTS
BY
RICHARD HARDING DAVIS,
Presented before the townspeople of Marion,
ON THURSDAY, MARCH 26, 1903, IN CLUB HALL.

THE PEOPLE IN THE PLAY.

Philip Carroll	Henry Miller
Marquis of Woodcote	Percy Lyndall
Capt. the Hon. Reginald Herbert	Morton Selten
Sir Charles Wimpole	John Flood
Duke of Deptford	E. Lovat-Fraser
Stage Manager	Fred F. Ferris
Stage Doorkeeper	Frederick Daniels
Call Boy	Francis Sedgwick
Upsher	Arthur Sheppard
Bailiff	Harry Judd
Sir Charles Welby	Herbert McKenzie
Finch Lee	Lawrence Reed
Butler at Gower House	Lionel Hogarth
Mr. Stanley	Allan Harrison
Mr. Haynes	J. C. Carlyle
Mr. Brompton	J. T. Stuart
Mr. Edgar Stevens	Miriam Bruce
Marion Cavendish	Miss Jessie Millward
Helen Cabot	Miss Grace Elliston
Mrs. Evian	Miss Drina DeWolfe
Lady Gower	Miss Emily Dodd
Miss Trevellyan	Miss Martha Waldron

SYNOPSIS.

TIME.—The Present

ACT I.—Chambers of Philip Carroll in the Inner Temple.

ACT II.—The Entrance Hall at Gower House.

ACT III.—The Green Room at the Imperial Theatre.

One week is supposed to elapse between the first and second acts, two weeks between the *second and third.*

C. B. DILLINGHAM, MANAGER.

EXECUTIVE STAFF.

Joseph F. Wagner	Acting Manager
Will A. Page	Business Manager
Allan Harrison	Stage Manager

PROGRAMME OF "THE TAMING OF HELEN" AS PRESENTED FOR THE TOWNSPEOPLE OF MARION, MASSACHUSETTS, ON THE AFTERNOON OF THURSDAY, MARCH 26, 1903

tion to the visitors and finding it not forthcoming, said she was ready to go out. Her husband told her that she must excuse him, as he had very important business to transact, and she reluctantly retired. After her departure the man broke down completely, made a clean breast of the whole affair, and begged for mercy. He was a prosperous politician and contractor, had made considerable money, but sought a way to social recognition. Successful authorship seemed a simple road to his end, so he copied the poem from an old magazine and sent it to *Harper's Weekly* for publication. Exposure, he pointed out, would ruin not only him but his wife and child. Mr. Davis told him that he could not give an immediate reply, but that he would think it over and telephone. On the way back to New York the investigators were silent, and it was not until they were at luncheon that Mr. Davis turned to Mr. Bonsal and said: "I can't do it." "I had a few paragraphs in mind when we started over," remarked Mr. Bonsal, "and after I saw swell surroundings and sized up the malefactor they grew to a column, and then to a real story; but when the wife put in an appearance, then I knew the jig was up and that there would be nothing doing."

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The Old Ideals

In THE BOOKMAN for last September there appeared a paragraph that so reflects the ideals of the literary New York of the early nineties as recalled by Mr. Davis that we may be pardoned for reprinting it now. "Those days," said Mr. Davis to the writer of these notes, "were the velvet-jacket days of our youth. Do you remember the velvet jacket of Robert Louis Stevenson? We had our own men then, Mr. Howells, Mr. Aldrich, Mr. Stockton, and the rest, but Stevenson was the magnetic, the dominating literary figure. Just as he himself had played the 'sedulous ape' to others, so it was the fashion of young writers of five and twenty years ago to imitate him. He came to us and he brought with him his velvet jacket. It was a famous jacket, and became a kind of oriflamme of the literary calling." "Something like Balzac's white monk's robe in the eighteen forties?" was the suggestion. "Only Stevenson's jacket was destined to become the father of an illustrious line of jackets. We were young then, and we had other ideals. The day of commercialism had not yet come. We did not think and talk of how much a story earned for us. It was enough that

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ELEANOR MARVIN, AUTHOR OF "MARY ALLEN"

PETER CLARK MACFARLANE, AUTHOR OF "HELD TO ANSWER"

WAYLAND WELLS WILLIAMS, AUTHOR OF "THE WHIRLIGIG OF TIME"

JOSEPH STOWE SEABURY, AUTHOR OF "NEW HOUSES UNDER OLD ROOFS"

MORE NEW AUTHORS

we had a story in *Harper's,* or *Scribner's.* With elation we told our friends about it and they read it and liked it or criticised it. Sometimes we insisted on reading it to them ourselves. But in that method danger lurked. A great many of the stories of those days could be traced to the velvet jacket. The young man sitting down at his writing-table to construct a masterpiece had his pen, his pad, his bottle of ink. Also sometimes an idea. But to achieve the proper mood of inspiration, to rouse himself to heights of creative frenzy, he needed the jacket—just like that of R. L. S. Sacrifices were made in Bohemia in those days for that jacket, privations were endured. I never would wear one. My attitude in the matter was regarded as a fatal eccentricity. It placed me forever beyond the pale."

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"Somewhere in France"

In the March issue we printed several pages of running comment on the spring books dealing with the Great War. We gave credit to Mr. E. Alexander Powell for the entertaining qualities of his *Vive la France!* but we were frankly sceptical over a certain incident as he related it. In a spirit of friendly conciliation we are printing Mr. Powell's interesting letter of explanation.

Hotel Arlington,
SANTA BARBARA, CALIFORNIA,
April 24.

DEAR MR. EDITOR:

In a review of my *Vive la France!* in the March issue of THE BOOKMAN, you cast doubt on the truth of my assertion that a French battery on the Aisne, in order to impress me with the accuracy and precision of the new 105-millimetre field-gun, dropped a few shells on the German trenches. Though you have considerately used the euphemisms "provoke scepticism" and "a litle play of the imagination," the only construction to be put upon your remarks is that, in your opinion, the incident, as I describe it, did not occur, and that I have told a more or less deliberate untruth. I have no intention, however, of letting this accusation pass unchallenged.

The incident to which you refer was related, in precisely the same words in which it appears in my book, in the cable despatches which I sent to the New York *World* and the London *Daily Mail*. Surely you must be aware that no newspaper despatch is permitted to leave France until it has been read by and has received the official visés of the Ministère de la Guerre and the Bureau de la Presse, and, in certain cases, of the Etat Major. My story, which you affect to disbelieve, was not only passed by the censors for telegraphic transmission, but, two days after its publication in America, it was reprinted in several of the Paris newspapers, so that it must have again received the approval of the military censors. Should you still be sceptical of my veracity, you can write to Captain Count Gerard de Ganay, 2me. Bureau, Ministry of War, Paris, who was my official cicerone on the occasion in question.

Just why you, realising, as you do, the value of publicity to nations no less than to individuals, should see fit to cast doubt on my account of this episode, I fail to understand. A photographer, or a moving-picture operator, announces that President Wilson, let us say, or Colonel Roosevelt, has posed for his special benefit, yet it would never occur to you to accuse that photographer of egotism or of "a little play of the imagination." Now, would it? Why not? Because you know that the personages named did not pose for that photographer in order to gratify his vanity or because of his importance, but because they were perfectly aware that the pictures he would take of them, when printed in the newspapers or shown on the motion-picture screens, would give them widespread and desirable publicity.

Last spring the French perfected a new and wonderful field-gun which, for obvious reasons, they wished the world—particularly the people of the English-speaking countries—to know about. It is my business to tell the world, through newspapers, magazines and books—such things. So they took me a hundred and fifty miles by motor to see a battery of those guns, and, as seeing is believing, they fired a few rounds at the German trenches for the purpose of impressing me with the guns' accuracy and precision. Why did they do this? Not because they were impressed with my importance or to gratify my vanity, but because they knew that the following morning several million Americans would read, over their coffee-cups, of the terrible execution which those guns are capable of doing, and their faith in the ultimate triumph of the French would rise accordingly.

I also fail to grasp your contention that (in the improbable event of my version being true) the battery commander who, acting under instructions from division headquarters, permitted such an exhibition, was deserving of court-martial, while, had he waited for my departure and then fired the same shells at the same trenches and produced the same results, he would only have been doing his duty. The business of the French artillerists in this war is to kill Ger-

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mans, and though they may, and occasionally do, give exhibitions of gunnery for the benefit of visitors, they see to it that the shells used in those exhibitions are not wasted.

In this and in other wars I have seen so many things which, had I read about them, I would have set down as the imaginings of a disordered mind, that I refuse to assert that anything relating to this war is untrue merely because it seems incredible or because I have not myself seen it. Yet you, from the safety of an office-chair, three thousand miles from the battle-line, presume to tell your readers, without investigation or confirmation, that an incident which I have related with almost photographic fidelity to fact, so important did I deem it, is merely "a little play of the imagination," "a manifestation of egotism."

Everything considered, Mr. Editor, I think that you owe me an apology. Don't you?

Sincerely,
E. ALEXANDER POWELL.

• • •

More War Books

Mr. Powell's letter leads to a consideration of the books about the war that have appeared since the general subject was discussed at length in the March issue. Interesting as these books are the notice will have to be brief. First there is Max Aitken's *Canada in Flanders,* a direct and vivid account of the splendid behaviour of the troops of the Dominion at Ypres and Neuve Chapelle. This book, we are told, has been highly endorsed by the English press. Arthur Gleason's *Golden Lads* has a chapter on "How War Seems to a Woman" by Mrs. Gleason, and an introduction by Theodore Roosevelt. It is not a book to recommend to unhyphenated Americans advocating an early peace. Mr. Gleason tells what he saw in Belgium in August and September, 1914, and after that it is not so easy either to forgive or to forget. William J. Robinson, in *My Fourteen Months at the Front* (Little, Brown and Company), tells of an exchange of amenities which came under his personal observation. In the spring of 1915 the Kaiser paid a visit to the German trenches. The next day the Germans raised a big board on which was printed "The Emperor was here yesterday. Had you only known! The English were ever slow." To which the

MAX AITKEN, AUTHOR OF "CANADA IN FLANDERS"

British replied with a board reading: "The King has been here twice. Tomorrow the President of France comes. We are not afraid to tell you now. Fritz, you are harmless!" Illustrating the peculiar workings of the German mind, Mr. Robinson tells of catching a great number of German spies who fancied that to be accepted within the British lines as Scotchmen all that was necessary was to don the kilt.

• • •

Stanley Washburn's *Victory in Defeat* (Doubleday, Page and Company) is a brief for the Russian arms and for the Russian people. Mr. Washburn believes that the greatest test of character is not in victory, but in defeat, and that the Russian reverses have been so costly and demoralising to their victors, that history will judge them as the greatest single source of the German downfall, which he considers inevitable. The Russian campaign also plays considerable part in *The War in Eastern Europe,* described by John Reed and pictured by Boardman

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ARTHUR GLEASON, AUTHOR OF "GOLDEN LADS"

MRS. ARTHUR GLEASON

Robinson (Charles Scribner's Sons). In March, 1915, the author and the illustrator left America for eastern Europe. They went first to Italy, but finding there a "disappointing calm," proceeded to Servia. Entering Russia by the back door, they made their way to Petrograd and Moscow, afterwards visiting Turkey, Roumania and Bulgaria. Mr. Reed does not share Mr. Washburn's optimism concerning Russia. To his mind the Russia of melodrama and of the English popular magazine still exists. To ask questions might mean Siberia. In Petrograd he found some preposterous war regulations. "If you spoke German over the telephone you were subject to a fine of three thousand roubles, and if you were heard talking German on the street the penalty was Siberia. I have it on very good authority that two professors of Oriental languages were walking down the Morskaia speaking ancient Armenian to each other. They were arrested and the police swore that it was German. And from that day to this they have never again been heard of.

• • •

Kipling, in "The Mutiny of the Mavericks," told of the Irish regiment in India going into action for the Empire singing songs prophesying the annihilation of the hated Saxon. Patrick MacGill, who wrote *Children of the Dead End* and *The Rat Pit,* books which attracted well-deserved attention a year or two ago, fought with the London Irish somewhere in France and describes his adventures in *The Red Horizon* (George H. Doran Company). The pipers did not play "God Save the King" or "Rule Britannia." They played "The Wearing of the Green" and "I'm Off for Philadelphia in the Morning." And the men fought—well, as an Irish regiment is expected to fight and does fight, which means that those who opposed them were very uncomfortable Germans. The "Junior Sub" who writes *The First Hundred Thousand* (Houghton Mifflin Company) is Ian Hay Beith, author of *The Right Stuff, A Man's Man, A Safety Match,* and *Happy Go Lucky.* Captain Beith enlisted at the first outbreak of hostilities in August, 1914, and was made a Sub-Lieutenant in the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders. After training throughout the fall and winter at Aldershot, he accompanied his regiment to the front in April, 1915, and, as his narrative discloses, immediately saw some very active service and rapidly rose to the rank of captain. In the offensive of last September, Captain Beith's division was badly cut up and seriously reduced in numbers.

• • •

We have spoken of Mr. Stanley Washburn's *Victory in Defeat.* We re-

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STANLEY WASHBURN, AUTHOR OF "VICTORY IN DEFEAT," TALKING TO GERMAN AND AUSTRIAN PRISONERS OF THE RUSSIANS

vert to that book and its author. Perhaps one of the most felicitous "nicknames" ever given to an author by another was that of "Events Man," given to Mr. Washburn by Richard Barry. Like every good *sobriquet,* it was founded upon a rock of appropriate fact, for in newspaper parlance Mr. Washburn for many years has been just that—Events Man—in the thick of things, dealing entirely with the occurrences of world-wide importance, reporting them by cable, wireless, courier or what not. And now the Events Man is off for the front again after having had the longest rest at home he has had since the outbreak of the Russo-Japanese War.

• • •

"Nights"

In a vein of easy, entertaining reminiscence is Elizabeth Robins Pennell's *Nights,* in which she tells of men, and women, and manners as she and her husband found them in Rome, Venice, London, and Paris, in the late eighties and the "yellow nineties," which she prefers to call the "fighting nineties." First she tells of Rome and the pleasant company to be found there, Donoghue the sculptor, Coleman the painter, Elihu Vedder, and the rest who gathered for talk and mild refreshment about the tables of the Nazionale Aragno in the Corso. There was the huge long-bearded Norwegian who looked a prophet and was an artist, and who spent most of the winter in the study of Marion Crawford's novels. They roused him to fury. "Marion Crawford," he would thunder at the Americans present as if they were in some way responsible, "Bah! He is a weak imitation of Bulwer, that is all, and he has not Bulwer's power of construction. He is not Bulwer. No. He is a weakling. Bah!"

• • •

There were evenings at Elihu Vedder's house as well as at the Café. The talk was chiefly of art. Vedder led the conversation. He was never still, he rarely sat down, he was always moving about, walking up and down, at times breaking into song and even dance. He was then in his prime, large, with a fine, expressive face, and as American in his voice, in his manner, in his humour, as if he had never crossed the Atlantic.

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"The true American," suggests Mrs. Pennell, "never gets Europeanised, nor does he want to, however long he may stay on the wrong side of the Atlantic. When I was with Vedder, Broadway always seemed nearer than the Corso." He had recently finished the illustrations for the *Rubaiyat,* and the work was constantly in his mind. Over and over again he would tell the history of every design and of every model or pot in it. He exulted openly in the stroke of genius by which he had invented a composition or a pose. In looking back Mrs. Pennell always seems to see Mrs. Vedder pasting notices into a scrap book and to hear Vedder declaiming Omar's quatrains and describing his own drawings. There was one evening when he came to a dead stop in his walk and his talk, and shaking a dramatic finger at the company, said, "I tell you what it is. I am not Vedder. I am Omar Khayyam!" "No," drawled the voice of a disgusted artist who had not got a word in for more than an hour, "no, you are not. You're the Great I Am!"

• • •

Over all Mrs. Pennell's London recollections looms the figure of Henley. Elsewhere in this issue Mr. Alfred Noyes writes of the "wounded Titan."

W. E. HENLEY. FROM THE PAINTING BY WILLIAM NICHOLSON. OF THIS PORTRAIT MRS. PENNELL THINKS THAT THE PAINTER TURNED THE SUBJECT INTO A BRIGAND, TO THE LATTER'S GREAT DELIGHT

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Mrs. Pennell is another witness to the bravery with which Henley accepted his physical disaster. She describes him as being, despite his disability, a remarkably handsome man, tall and large and fair, a noble head and profile, a shock of red hair, short red beard, keen pale blue eyes. She felt that William Nicholson, in painting him, turned him into a brigand, a land pirate, to Henley's infinite joy. Of Henley the talker, she records, one portrait remains. "He was the original of Stevenson's Burly—the talker who would roar you down, bury his face in his hands, undergo passions of revolt and agony, letting loose a spring torrent of words. He and his Young Men were the most clamourous group of the clamourous nineties, though curiously their clamour seems faint in the ears of the present authorities on that noisy period. Aubrey Beardsley always was in mortal terror of Henley after their first encounter. He had called, by special appointment, on Henley to show him some of his drawings. As he went up the two flights of stairs to Henley's rooms he heard a voice, loud, angry, terrifying; at the top, through an open door, he saw a youth standing in the middle of the room listening in abject fear to a large red man at a desk whom he knew instinctively to be Henley; one glance, and he turned and fled, down the stairs, into the street.

• • •

Other men of the writer's group who flit across the scene in Mrs. Pennell's memory are George W. Steevens, Harold Frederic, "Bob" Stevenson, the cousin of Robert Louis, George Moore, and Bernard Shaw. Steevens at the time was fresh from Oxford. The first impression he made on the group was of shyness, rudeness, and silence. Of Harold Frederic Mrs. Pennell says: "He was an able man, something more than the typical, clever American journalist, a writer of books that deserve to be remembered but that have hardly outlived him." We are inclined to think that Mrs. Pennell rather underestimates the place that *The Damnation of Theron Ware* holds in the memory of some thousands of discriminating American readers. When the Pennells met Henry Harland in London his career as Sydney Luska was behind him, and his career as Henry Harland was before him. Unlike Henley and some of the others, he did not wish to monopolise the talk. On the contrary, he was most happy when he stimulated everybody to talk with him. "Often Harland had the floor to himself simply because everybody else wanted to listen, too. When what he calls in one of his books 'the restorative spirit of nonsense' descended upon him, his talk would whisk off the whole Thursday night crowd, before they knew it, to that delectable Land of Nonsense to which he was an inspired guide. Nobody understood better how to set up the absurd and the impossible in the garb of truth."

• • •

A Stevenson Letter

Mr. Clement K. Shorter, in his literary letter to the London *Sphere* of April 17th, printed the following hitherto unpublished letter from Robert Louis Stevenson to his friend, Charles Baxter:

Mon cher Baxter,—After several years of feeble and innefectual endeavour with regard to my third initial (a thing I loathe) I have been led to put myself out of the reach of such accidents in the future by taking my two first names in full. It is perhaps as well from another point of view, as I am going to land fame wholesale under the same designation; and as such will probaly be the superscription on my *tooo*mb in Winster Aby, as well as on the marble tablet to be let into the front of the house of my birth—No. 8, Howard Place—I have seen nothing else to change except a numeral which you had omitted to change yourself while working off the rest. Your caution about being funny and clever in the proof, Dr. C., was unnecessary. I call various celestial persons to witness that I would gladly be as funny as Old Harry just now, if I could; and simply can't. If you want epitaphs, apply to sincerely yours; but this is not the booth for humour. Life, my dear

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Charles, is real, life is earnest. Death is a sort of roaring lion that produces itself between three and four in the morning and at divers other disrespectable hours. I may also observe, in the same connection, that the worm dieth-not quite free. No one is so good at not-dying as the worm. Even the devil requires a dyke-side to do not-do it at for any considerable lapse of time.—Yours gloomily and intellectually-feebly, R. L. S.

Flourish.

• • •

To this letter Mr. Baxter adds the comment:

This letter, I think, belongs to the early part of 1872; at any rate, on 18th June of that year, Stevenson signed the New Ledger of the Speculative Society of Edinburgh "Robert Louis Stevenson," a note being appended that his baptised name was "Robert Lewis Balfour Stevenson." This was not the year of his admission, but the year in which we (the then existing members) signed afresh, to open the New Book. The letter is written in red ink, on four pages of my own office paper, the paper used in 11, South Charlotte Street, Edinburgh. R. L. S. had an engaging habit of calling promiscuously and —not finding me within—of leaving epistles, not always complimentary, lying open on my desk; often to the scandal of my staid senior partner (Stevenson's "Godkin or Godlet"), and sometimes even, to that of my more open-minded clerks. "Flourish" alludes to a fantastic scrawl, with which he half surrounded the initials. The spelling mistakes throughout are textual. 6, Staple Inn, W.C., 16th February, 1898.

• • •

Where Lies Romance?

These paragraphs are a kind of supplementary chapter to the series, "The New York of the Novelists," which ran in THE BOOKMAN from September, 1915, to February, 1916, inclusive. The writer of the series, recalling the *"A nous deux maintenant"* of defiance which Eugène de Rastignac, at the end of Balzac's *Père Goriot,* hurled down at Paris from the heights of Père Lachaise, pictured the American novelist with ambition to write earnestly of the Human Comedy of New York life, surveying the city from a commanding altitude, and selecting some particular quarter or thoroughfare as best summing up the romance, the struggle, the changing moods of the Metropolis. If you were in the position that Eugène de Rastignac was in, and feeling as he felt, he asked a number of novelists whose books have been associated with New York, in what direction would your eyes first turn? Where, to your mind, does romance lie?

• • •

The distinguished novelist who years ago laid so definite a claim to the Blue Grass Region of Kentucky has lately, in *A Cathedral Singer,* written vividly of a certain corner of the metropolis, the neighbourhood of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, and Morningside Park. "If I were a young man, starting out to become an American novelist with New York City as my field of work," says Mr. James Lane Allen, "I should master, as far as I could, the human tides that flow back and forth across the Brooklyn Bridge and I should call my novel—a stupendous canvas, American and human—*The Bridge.* The Brooklyn Bridge is also the selection of Miss Ellen Glasgow, who protests that she finds the question not an easy one to answer. "All New York" —she writes—"I have almost said except Central Park West and Riverside Drive—is full of romantic interest for me. Like most writers I have a particular fondness for the streets about Washington Square—yet when I went out to look for a home for Gabriella, I wasn't satisfied until I found the old house in West Twenty-third Street. I think I had that in my mind from the first. So, I suppose this street made a particular appeal to my fancy. But to return to your question—well, Brooklyn Bridge —even without the fascinating Eugène —is a romance.

• • •

The author of *Anthony the Absolute, The Honey Bee* and *The Trufflers* finds romance in many corners of the city. "My impressions of New York after

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nearly twenty years," says Mr. Samuel Merwin, "are too varied, too rich, too stirring, to be confined to any street or district. Details emerge, of course. The Lower City at night from the Williamsburg Bridge—Washington Square North—Cherry Street—Greenwich Village—West Street—Gramercy Park—Stuyvesant Square—the list is too long to write. Then there is Fifth Avenue at Forty-second Street, overlooked from the terrace of the Public Library, say at five o'clock on a Saturday afternoon in late March. There are the electric signs of Broadway and the traffic and people beneath them. There is Broadway, up about One Hundredth Street, at four o'clock of a bright Sunday in May—the sidewalks flowing with young people of mixed races. There is Fifth Avenue just above Twenty-sixth Street, on a sunny noon, packed with low-bred, foreign-speaking sweatshop workers, while smart women struggle through to smart shops. There is the late boat from Coney Island on a Sunday night in August. There are the torn up streets, the sense of endless struggle, and turmoil, and readjustment to conditions that change from moment to moment. No, to me the impressive thing is not a street but New York—a dense world of racial confusion, crime, overemphasis, failure elbowing success, 1670 next door to 1916, noises, pressures, gayety, and—beauty. No one has ever got more than a glimpse of it into a book. I doubt if any one ever will. Books are pale things."

• • •

It has been told how Mr. Rupert Hughes, seeking a background with a Dickensy flavour for certain episodes of *Empty Pockets,* spent days riding about in taxi-cabs, until, in the shadow of the Brooklyn Bridge, he found Batavia Street. But if he were Eugène de Rastignac, he says, he would not limit himself to the narrow purview now visible from the almost submerged Brooklyn Bridge. He would choose for his Pisgah-site the parapet of the new Equitable Building, or one of the higher towers; or he would look from the windows of St. Luke's Hospital near the new Cathedral on the Morningside Acropolis; or seek almost any of the multitudinous apartment roofs, and thence looking in almost any direction, at any street soever, he would say and feel: "There lies romance!" It was the City that Was, the old town of the years immediately preceding the war of the American Revolution and the first years of that struggle, that most appeals to Mr. Robert W. Chambers. He would take his stand in Wall Street and look east and south and north. He would see the ancient Collect Pond. In other words the city he has in mind is the New York of 1770-80. Again, it is of old New York that Mrs. Atherton thinks. When she was writing *The Conqueror* she wandered a great deal about the Battery, Wall Street, and lower Broadway, the residential part of the city as well as the financial and political, and ecclesiastical, and scholastic heart of the city in the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. Reconstructing the past when the imagination is fairly awake she finds a fascinating exercise. And therefore, although fifteen years have elapsed since the writing of *The Conqueror,* that part of New York still seems to her the most typical and momentous as well as by far the most romantic. The pictures she saw then were very vivid and they are quite as vivid to-day.

• • •

Two exceptional novels dealing with New York were Ernest Poole's *The Harbour,* and Stephen Whitman's *Predestined.* Any one who has read these books would expect Mr. Poole to speak very decidedly for the Upper Bay as it is seen from Columbia Heights in Brooklyn, and Mr. Whitman to emphasise the romance that lies about Washington Square. But both take views that are comparatively indefinite. "I think of three streets where I have lived," says Mr. Poole. "Each one when I went to live there was to me a thing impersonal as any in New York. But each grew to

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be as different from the other streets around it as I was myself from other people—because I had begun to feel its life. And so when you ask, 'What street is unusually significant in its appeal?' I think of *any* New York street, commonplace, impersonal, surcharged with hidden drama. I think of it late at night—dark and baffling, silent, bare, with rows of New York houses, just as common as life and death, standing grimly self-contained. Is this democracy in Art? I don't know and I don't care. That's how the town has struck me." Says Mr. Whitman: "I don't see how I can contribute anything novel on the subject. Romance, as I think you mean it, is a refinement, perhaps an exaltation, of life; it is the acquisition of a beauty and a joy beyond every-day experience. Am I wrong in believing that it must therefore include some form of love that elevates the subject at least in some degree? But I know of no region, in which people live and interact, where such phenomena cannot be produced in human hearts. And especially since such emotions always cause an apparent transformation in the subject's surroundings, the particular scene, and the immediately visible potentialities of the scene, have little to do with the question. Moreover, let us remember that each person's world is to him the supremely important one. When we realise this strongly enough, we are able to infuse into the description of any romance, in any setting, an enthusiasm sufficient to make it seem, while it is being read, supremely important."

• • •

Washington Square is the selection of Mr. George Barr McCutcheon. To his mind that neighbourhood comes first in suggesting romance as it appeals to the story-teller, if not to the reader of his stories. "Romance," he says, "isn't always the same to the one who imagines and the one whose imagination is fed by the fruits of his efforts. In the not remote past Washington Square was the centre of a most inviting field for the novelist's operations, and even now the memory of those good old days hangs over the locality. Of course, there is Trinity Church and its one-time choice associations, but one would hardly descend upon that section of the city nowadays in quest of romance. There is nothing but reality there. Romance lies buried in the little churchyard, mocked by the stupendous achievements of the superman. The Bowery has lost its flavour, Broadway is no longer the thing that made it delectable, Fifth Avenue is soulless. One might sit on the sea-wall at the Battery, and, with his back turned resolutely to the realities, find inspiration in contemplating the path that leads eastward and away fromt the bitter strife of the peaceful."

• • •

"I do not find one spot more 'romantic' than another," says Brander Matthews. "I hold with Kipling that

all unseen
Romance brought up the 9:15.

It is not a place or a time or even a girl, —it is an attitude of mind, a mood of feeling. Great realist as Balzac was, he never revealed his blatant Romanticism more flagrantly than in the pose of Rastignac. And, in its kind, the chapter is superb." Among several men who have appreciated the romantic literary possibilities of lower Second Avenue is Abraham Cahan, author of *Yekl* and *The Imported Bridegroom*. "It is," he writes, "one of the sunniest and most colourful spots in the city and it has been for a great many years charmingly cosmopolitan. Moreover, the changes that have come over that section are so characteristic of the kaleidoscopic life of New York. Thirty-three years ago, when I first came to New York, it was a thoroughly German district. It is a district of six nationalities now. The street life, the cafés, the teeming Yiddish-speaking population of the tenement houses, the Italian market place on Ninth, Tenth, and Eleventh Streets (near First Avenue), the Hungarians, Bohemians, Slovaks, and the other races inhabiting some of the remoter nooks of

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this section ought to make excellent ground for the literary adventure."

• • •

A Correction

Owing to an error in last month's BOOKMAN we failed to give proper credit for an article in the series "The New World and the College Woman" to its proper author. Miss Frances Cummings, Manager of the Intercollegiate Bureau of Occupations, New York City, contributed the last section of this series, which inadvertently was ascribed to the same authorship as the preceding article, namely, "Secretarial Work and the College Woman." Miss Cummings's article gave a summing up of the entire situation from the practical point of view of one who is on the firing line, so to speak, of the college woman's business activities.

WRAITHS OF DESTINY

A PHANTASY

(IN THREE REVEALINGS)

I

THE FORESEERS
(June, 1914)

(A chamber, or vast apparition of a chamber, under the whole of Europe: whose outlines, country by country, are spectrally visible on its overarched cavity. What appears to be light pervades it; and it is thronged with the phantoms of all who have ever died for humanity. The eyes of these phantoms are turned anxiously to the rear where a rock-like incline seems to lead up toward earth, and where there is a mysterious tripod on which is enthroned Life, the pythia of the Immanent God, swept through by innumerable forces. Around her are her ministers Heredity—preternaturally human; Chance—awed from perpetual oscillation between evil and good; and Death, darkly incarnate. Premonition and awe seem to dominate all alike, in spite of their different natures, and Heredity is speaking.

HEREDITY. Let there be answer, O Immortal One
To me your lawful minister!
CHANCE *(starting)*. Or me!
Lawless in all things!
DEATH *(slowly)*. Or to dreaded me!
(The throng sways.)
HEREDITY. For ages I have woven as you willed,
Meshing the hearts of the vast myriads,
Who people all this continent above us,
With peace, hope and hate and greed and love.
And many were the evils of my task
Of threading the generations to your thought,
But still I toiled, trusting the fair intent
Of all your deeds would dawn for humankind.
Yet now—
CHANCE. Now—
DEATH. Now—?
HEREDITY. *Shall this thing be?*
(The throng quivers.)
CHANCE *(still immovable)*.
Yes, shall it be? this horror that now looms
So wide that even I, the all-unheeding,
Who bring to millions fortune, millions fate,—
I faint to know?
DEATH *(hollowly)*. And I — that minister
Who master for you when none other can?
Yet who am now astounded: *Shall it be?*
(Life gives no answer.)
HEREDITY *(drawing nearer)*.
Still you are tongueless? and your emanations

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Float on as ever to unwitting earth!
And yet I ask again: shall all the warp
And woof of yearning ages be undone?
All the great dream of progress that has clothed
The nakedness of bestiality
In man, your highest creature? All the hope
Of human brotherhood, the one divine
And sacred vision none shall ever mar,
Save with remorse, through the arrestless years?
Speak!

DEATH. Yea! for I am due again on earth,
Where I must whisper it among the nations.
Shall there be Peace—or War!

THE THRONG *(with a vast murmur).* Still, Peace? or War?

(Life sits as before.)

HEREDITY *(with disquiet that is now unendurable).*
Break silence, O Unfathomable One!
Yea! or I cry you heedless—or of good
Or ill; and serve no longer—minister
No more to your immitigable mind.

CHANCE. And I! For worse than my wild-striking ways
Is this void apathetic voicelessness.

DEATH *(rising strangely).* And I! . . . Yet stay! stay! I scent at last
Some intimation, mute, impalpable,
Coming from whence I know not, that the hour
Of revelation is at hand. . . Yet where?

(The throng is shaken.)

CHANCE. Yea, where? . . . where?

HEREDITY. O Life, at last speak! where?

LIFE *(whose lips for the first time open).*
Ye importuners! seekers of foreknowledge
To this most treasonable tragedy
That ever has befallen to earth's years,
Hush and look up, for the To-Be begins.
Yea, lo, its passion which shall stain all times
Sweeps even now above our blighted heads.

(They look: a shadow is sweeping Austria and Servia.)

Now are ye answered?

CHANCE *(in terror).* Yea!

DEATH *(starting).* War! . . . It is War!

(A shot rings down through the vastness.)

And I must up—to ride the battlefields!

(The shadow turns crimson.)

LIFE. Ai, go! For I who am the maker of men
No longer am their master—as ofttimes
I've seemed. But Devastation, like a ghoul
Of the Universe, will glut now with despair
And grief and murder and all misery
Its mystic and illimitable maw.—
O man, wild thorn within the flesh of God.

(As her words die out Death is speeding away toward earth. Then the chamber, grown dim, suddenly melts in phantasmal darkness. After which there is nothingness.)

II

THE OUTCASTS

(June, 1915)

(A hollow, high up in what resemble the mountains of Alpine Europe, where no human foot has ever fallen. It is crepuscular with night, sadness, mystery and fear—a place supernatural, where the semblance of earth and air exist, or seem to exist from time to time, but as constantly vanish in a whirl of blinding invisibility.

Through it, after a long trembling as of unseen forces, a wail comes which seems to cause a wider lifting of the obscurity. Then huddled together in the rocky centre, where a tree overhangs a lake of phantom waters, are a Naiad, a Faun, a Gnome, a Sylph, a Peri, and two veiled Figures: one with a broken Cross on its breast, the other with a quenched Torch. They are swaying to and fro, and as they do so the spirit of the place, which is that of Solitude, seems to rise up questioningly behind them, and after a little to speak.)

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SOLITUDE. Who are ye? speak! who are ye, one and all,
Here in this emptiness unbreathed before?
THE NAIAD *(with a moan)*. I am a Nymph!
THE FAUN. And I a Faun!
THE SYLPH. I, Air!
(Swooning away.)
If still I be at all!
SOLITUDE *(to the Peri)*. And who are you?
THE PERI *(quailing)*. A stranger, but a friend! Drive me not back!
For I am terrified!
THE GNOME *(wildly)*. And I! . . . I!
(Has risen, but again sinks back.)
SOLITUDE. Of whom? I do not understand? *(To the veiled Ones)*. Whom fear ye?
HE-WITH-THE-CROSS. I have no thing to say, save that I too
Am one driven like these from out my place.
HE-WITH-THE-TORCH. Nor I! For I am quenched upon the earth;
The nations have forsaken me!
SOLITUDE. The nations?
(Darkness dissolves them.)
THE FAUN *(as they reappear)*. O yea, we have been driven from our haunts
Of sea and air and forest—and men's souls—
By a blind tide—of blood!
THE NAIAD. That sweeps the world!
(Her hair falls over her.)
SOLITUDE. Of blood?
THE NAIAD. Wild blood! It stained my wells and rivers,
Till they could purl only of sin and death!
THE FAUN. My trees were crimson with its cruelty,
My brakes pestilent with its plashing pain!
THE SYLPH. Yea, and my sky was fetid with its fume,
I could not wing through it . . . but sank and fell!
(The three moan.)
THE PERI. And I whose task it was to build the dawns
And call the stars out was so blinded by it,
That, letting go all mystery and beauty,
I fled from my far ways to safety here!
SOLITUDE *(as all again dissolve, then reappear)*. But who has shed this blood? and why?
THE GNOME *(springing up again)*. Who? who?
(Laughs madly.)
And sent it trickling down to rot on me?
Even on me who hoped by toil at last
To rise out of the earth as fair as these?
Who? Man! the ruiner of all things! Man!
(He raves. . . . A Silence.)
SOLITUDE. But know ye what ye say? Has God not shaped
The earth for man? and sent him His own Son?
THE-FIGURE-WITH-THE-CROSS. Alas!
SOLITUDE. Why do you say alas?
THE FIGURE *(lifting its veil)*. I am
That Son!
SOLITUDE. The Christ! it cannot be! not He!
These might be driven by blood-flow away,
But never He!
THE-FIGURE-WITH-THE-TORCH. Yet even Him it hath!
(Now lifts its veil.)
For I am Truth, who outcast, too, attest it.
He could not stay, but like to these fair dreams
Quivering here—distenanted of all—
Is driven forth!
THE FAUN. Woe, woe!
THE NAIAD. Ai, woe!
THE SYLPH *(like an echo)* . . . Woe!
SOLITUDE *(as all sway—through a long silence)*. And what now will ye do, so homeless here?
(They breathe no reply.)
What will ye do?
THE-FIGURE-WITH-THE-CROSS. I answer for us all.
We shall await—until the tide has ebbed.
SOLITUDE. And then return?

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THE SYLPH. Never!
THE NAIAD. Never!
THE FAUN. Never!
(Their cries flutter up.)
HE-WITH-THE-CROSS. Children of Beauty, yes! *(Their cries wane.)* For other place
In all the universe is not prepared
To us, save upon earth and in men's hearts.
For we are healers, cleansers and uplifters,
Hierophants of Love and Hope and Joy,
Or we are naught. And when the tide has ebbed
There will be more of misery and guilt
To wipe away into oblivion
Than ever again shall cling to humankind
Through all the flooding vastity of time.
THE FAUN *(yielding, at length, to these words, though hopelessly).*
E'en be it then! . . .
THE NAIAD. E'en so! . . .
THE SYLPH. Ai!
HE-WITH-THE-TORCH *(relieved).* Even so!
(All huddle again and the darkness begins to thicken. But before it falls the Cross glows a moment, then the Torch. Then invisibility vast and benumbing again resumes all.)

III

THE RESTORERS

(June, 19—?)

(A verdant hill-side that seems to rise, as if by enchantment, somewhere in the heart of Europe. It is lit by a radiance more miraculously joyful and tender than can ever visit earth, and is covered with flowers and trees whose fragrance floats over it like the essence of dreams.

Down to its open centre come trooping, from a glade behind, all lovely creatures that men have ever imagined. In their midst is the spirit-form of Life, now infinitely a-quiver with new hope; of the Christ, with a new Cross; of Truth, with a fresh Torch; of Heredity with the flax of a new humanity in her hands; and, with them, a multitude of Nymphs, Fauns, Sylphs, Gnomes, and all other visions. All are singing with an immortal desire to help restore a continent ravished as no continent has ever been before.

LIFE *(gloriously).*
The last shot is fired,
The last blood shed!
Death has retired—
CHRIST. The world is new led!
HEREDITY. Everywhere, everywhere,
Men are returning
Back from red slaughter
And rapine and burning!
So with new flax
I weave a new race!
CHRIST. And I a new God
In the old God's place!
TRUTH *(ecstatically).*
And I—whose torch
With flame is rekindled—
Will burn away error
And fog and lies!
For Peace, brave Peace,
Their passion has dwindled,
And now a new light
Shall fill men's eyes!
THE NYMPHS *(dancing forth).*
Ai, ai! So give us
A million flowers
And let us scatter them over the vales!
And grain!—
For the slain,
Who lie in the earth,
The slain who died for their fatherlands,
Yearn now to push up,
Into harvest-birth,
Blossoms that sprung for their children-bands.
THE FAUNS *(in turn).*
And give us the planting
Of fruitful trees,
Whose shady limbs, from the noontide sun,
Shall shelter the shepherd
And gently ease
The toil of the peasant, never done.
THE SYLPHS *(in the air).*
And give us the cooling
Of winds in the South!

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And give us the warming
Of winds in the North!
Let us be masters
Of chill and drought,
Of cloud and tempest and heat, henceforth!

THE GNOMES *(in humble joy)*.
And we, who are glad
To feel, no more,
Warm blood trickling
Beneath the ground,
Ask but to whisper
To men the place
Where riches in veins of the earth are found!
For wealth will be needed—

THE NYMPHS. And flowers! and grain!

THE FAUNS. And shade—

THE GNOMES. To give men
New courage again!

ALL. Ai, ai, to give men new courage again!

LIFE *(all radiant now)*.
Yea, children of Beauty,
They shall be given!
For now you are more than creatures of joy.
You help the world on—
And that is heaven:
Immortal is such divine employ.

CHRIST. Yea so! it is so!
And now I shall win
The world from its misery way at last.
For these are ready—
And Truth joins in—

THE NYMPHS. To serve, serve,
Till the need is past!

CHRIST. And so my new Cross
Shall blossom with roses,
And never a thorn of it grow to prick
The brow of my lovers,
Till Time closes—

HEREDITY. Or till all poverty, wrong and shame
Shall be as a grief-remembered name!

ALL *(exalted)*. As soon they shall be!
For now we are one!
So let us spread over earth, fleetly,
And enter the hearts of men completely,
Till red wars are done!
Let us break cannon,
Let us melt hate
And mould them into a higher might!
Let us disarm
Wild Fear—and mate
Its courage to faith in immortal Right!
Then let us gather
The wisest of earth
Into a Council, for humankind;
Where not a word
Shall be held of worth,
Save it be spoken world-weal to find!
Save it be uttered
To give the poor
And backward and barbarous right to Life—
Right to be ruled
By a Law, made sure
Through world-consent, against greed and strife!
Right to be fed,
And right to rejoice;
Right to be clothed: and right to love
The raiment of earth—
Each fairy voice
Of all its spirits below or above!
Come then, let us
Away, fleetly!
Much has been done, much is to do;
Let us go sing
Of our task so sweetly
That the old world, sick of its crime,
Shall give its heart for a new!

(They cease and band by band go streaming away, melting at last in the valleys under the sun. And with them the hillside melts and all the enchantment.)

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THE BOOKS OF 1915

COMPILED BY FRED. E. WOODWARD

THE publication of books in the United States received a severe check during the year 1915, according to the statistics just published.

The total number issued was 9,734, a decrease of 2,276 from the number issued in 1914, which was 12,010.

This number, 9,734, was the smallest number recorded in any year since 1908, when the record was 9,254.

The great European War was responsible, either directly on indirectly, for some part of the shortage, as under normal conditions many more books would undoubtedly have reached this market from across the Atlantic.

It is a matter of some surprise, however, to discover from a close analysis of the figures of the year, that the decrease in the number of books by foreign authors was only 645 and that there was a falling off of 1,631 titles by American authors.

The figures are as follows:

1914	Amer.	8,563	For. 3,447	Total	12,010
1915	"	6,932	" 2,802	"	9,734
Decrease		1,631	645		2,276

The greatest decline, amounting almost to a slump, took place in Law Books, the number being nearly one hundred per cent. below last year. The figures show 507 titles in 1914 *and only 255 in 1915,* a decline of 252.

This is not only a remarkably small number to be recorded in the class of Law, *but is actually the smallest number in 25 years,* for in 1890—with a total of 4,559, Law had 458; in 1902 it had 640; 1903, 605; 1904, 614; 1907, 707; in 1912, 862; in 1913, 605; in 1914, 507; in 1915, 255.

Sociology and Economics showed a loss of 312 titles, the total for 1914 being 1,038 and 726 in 1915. This class has enjoyed a wonderful increase during the eight years preceding 1915, the growth of the books in this class being phenomenal. In 1910 the number was 628, in 1911 it was 653, in 1912 867, in 1913 977, and in 1914 1,038—or a total of 4,859 in the last six years.

General Literature and Essays showed a decline from 732 in 1914 to 413 in 1915, a loss of 319 titles.

Religion and Theology suffered in a similar manner, the record being 1,038 in 1914 and only 800 in 1915, a loss of 238 titles.

The total number in this class for the past five years is: 1910, 943; in 1911, 917; in 1912, 916; in 1913, 944; in 1914, 1,032, or a total of 5,551 in the past six years.

Education also showed a large loss and recorded the very small number of 237, the figures being 268 for 1914 and 237 for 1915.

Poetry and Drama, though very large and important throughout the year, was, nevertheless, 161 behind the record of 1914, the figures showing in 1914, 902 and 741 in 1915.

Applied Science and Technology fell behind 206 and Physical and Mathematical Science dropped 129.

Fiction fell short of 1914 by 134 entries, the figures being 1,053 in 1914 and 919 in 1915.

Attention is called to the fact that the percentage of fiction to the whole output is still less than ten per cent. and has been less than ten per cent. every year since 1910.

Three classes only showed on increase during the year 1915, the largest being History, which last year was in the tenth place and which leaped by a tremendous bound into the third place, the figures being 581 in 1914 and 758 in 1915. The gain is accounted for in large meas-

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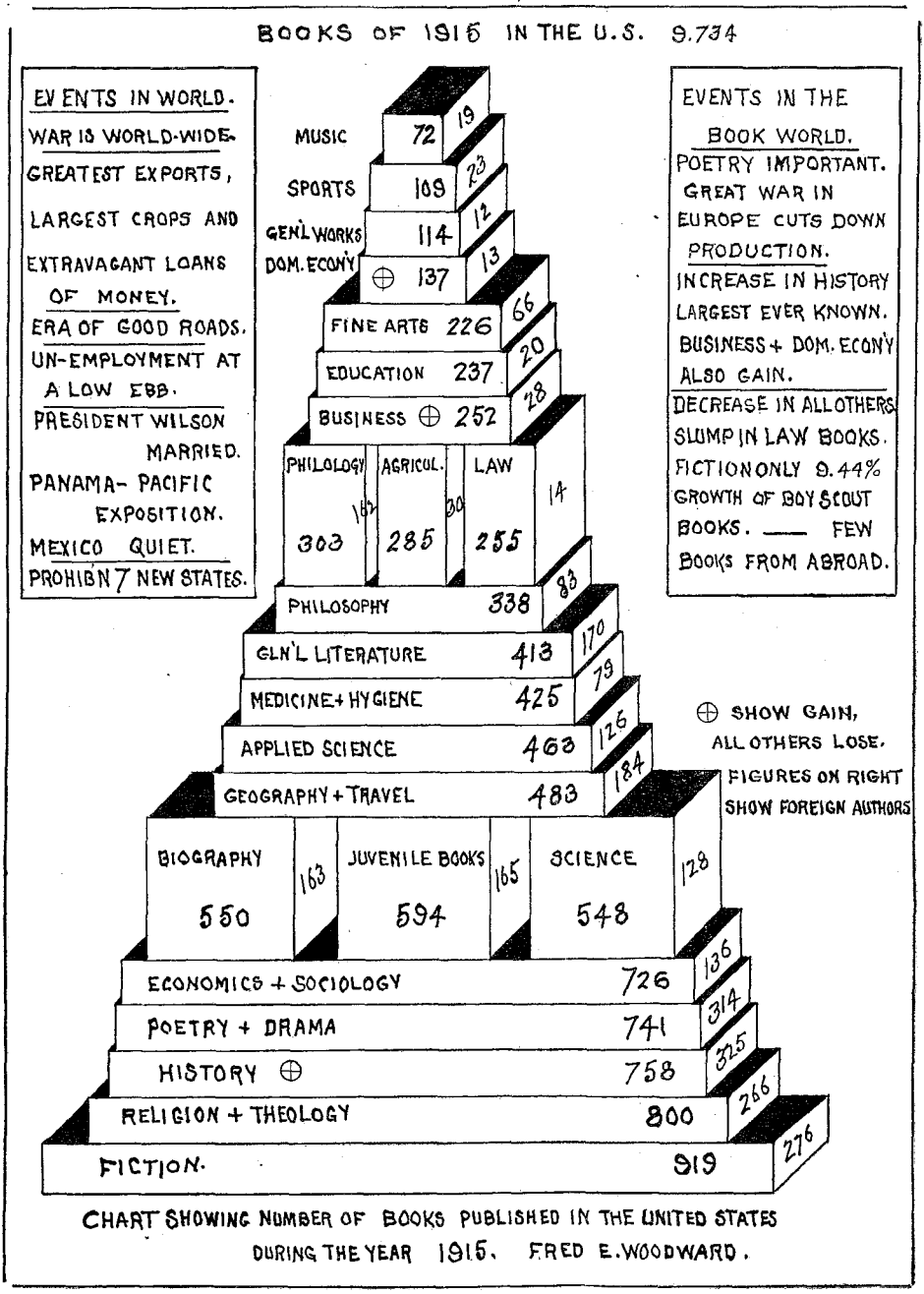

CHART SHOWING NUMBER OF BOOKS PUBLISHED IN THE UNITED STATES DURING THE YEAR 1915. FRED E. WOODWARD.

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ure by the great influx of war narratives and books pertaining to the history of the countries at war. This is the largest number ever recorded in this class.

The other classes to show a gain were Business, which in 1914 recorded 229 titles and increased to 252 in 1915, a gain of 23, and Domestic Economy, which shows a trifling gain of 2 titles.

These facts are significant to the student of sociology and may indicate a tendency on the part of the American people, which expresses itself in the books published, to pay more attention than usual to the concerns of life in their application to business principles.

This is more apparent when we learn that of six classes in England, which made a slight gain during the year 1915, the three above mentioned as gaining in the United States were also in the increasing class in England.

Geography, Agriculture, Fine Arts and Philosophy and the three mentioned made a slight gain, and all other classes in England showed a loss during 1915.

Some of our publishers have been predicting an era of "fewer books and better books," and it now remains to be seen whether the year 1915 yielded a larger percentage of better books or more valuable ones than during the years that have been. Let us hope for the best.

The figures on the right-hand side of each block represent the number of books in the class written by foreign authors.

Thus History, Poetry and Drama, Fiction and Religion in their order draw most largely from across the Atlantic. The largest percentage of books by foreign authors is found in Philology, 162 out of 303, or nearly fifty-four per cent., and the smallest percentage is in Law, 14 out of 255, or less than six per cent.

HENLEY—LAST OF THE BUCCANEERS

BY ALFRED NOYES

HENLEY, the crippled giant, is a vivid picture for many who have never read him. He was projected into the far future, cutlass at belt, and blood-spotted handkerchief about his brow, when Stevenson declared that, from the "maimed strength" of his friend in an Edinburgh hospital, he drew the character of John Silver in *Treasure Island*.

Henley himself has given us the plain realistic facts—the colours on the palette for Stevenson's canvas—in his bandages "brilliantly hideous with red." It was a red as remote from piracy as his life-long hunger for romance was remote from the frontiers of the British Empire, where he thought the real thing might yet be found. Only ships at English wharfs could bring to Henley the magical scents of the world's ends. Yet, out of these colours, this blood and hunger, Stevenson composed a picture which at least serves as a kind of symbolical background for the poet. For the spirit that was not jailed by hospital wards—those "cellars on promotion"—nor imprisoned by his own works, did indeed find ships to grapple and cities to sack in the drab world around him. Even in the surgeon's knife there was a glitter of romance for him, as of a gallant enemy's blade, which he almost rejoiced to meet.

Stevenson's picture was of course only of one or two piratical streaks in Henley's composition. For me, the Silver suggestion has been amplified by an incident hitherto unpublished, but told to me by one of Henley's friends who witnessed it. This incident may be said to make a symbolical background for Henley, the critic.

It is little more than the story of a gesture; but it is one of the most vivid gestures in a certain violent drama (which we call the history of English Literature) since the curtain fell on Kit

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Marlowe, in the days of the Mermaid Tavern.

The scene is late at night, outside a famous London theatre. The audience, cloaked and furred, streams out into the smother of the gas-lit fog. Shrill whistles are blowing for cabs. Newspaper boys are yelling hoarsely. In front of the theatre, there is a fan of light, alive with fragrance, quiet laughter, and the murmur of pleasant voices. A few groups of women wait within the doors like bunched flowers, dispersing from time to time as the hansoms drive up. To the left of the doors is a large yellow and black poster, advertising the play. Against this luridly appropriate background a heavy figure stands. One or two people look at him as they pass and whisper his name. It is a certain famous dramatist, now at the height of his success. He is waging some kind of wordy warfare with another man, a man on crutches, a certain struggling journalist named Henley. The successful dramatist speaks in a manner which this particular kind of struggling journalist—by the look of his eyes—will not be likely to endure for long. And to clinch the whole matter of their argument, as the dramatist lets the last word slip and moves to the street, Henley—lifting his head like a wounded lion—swings up his crutch and hurls it, with all the power of John Silver behind it, straight at the head of Oscar Wilde.

That has always seemed to me a symbolical picture of Henley the critic—a fearless old buccaneer, hurling his crutch, regardless of the world's favour. Indeed, he made up his mind, very early in his life, about the value of Dame Fortune's glances, and particularly about the value of such light favour or disfavour as is too frequently bestowed by the followers of an art or a science on the work of their contemporaries. Very clearly and very early he saw for himself—his own strength being disabled "by limping sway"—a world of "folly doctor-like controlling skill"; and he supplied, by another incident in his own life, a striking and pathetic illustration to the sonnet of Shakespeare which describes that world:

Tired with all these, for restful death I cry.

It was in his early boyhood that the tuberculous disease broke out which crippled him. There were times when the flesh of his hands would open like the "pages of a book" as one of his friends described it. In his early youth, it was found necessary to amputate one foot; and, a little later, the doctors told him that his choice was between death and losing the other. At this time Henley heard of a certain Professor Lister, not yet recognised by the world, who was experimenting at Edinburgh. Henley consulted his doctors about this man. They dismissed his name with a peculiar contempt which Henley swiftly recognised. Immediately, almost penniless, Henley made his way to the old grey northern city, where the best of his yet unknown friends, Robert Louis Stevenson, was beginning to see the colour of life. There Henley deposited himself, a strange, silent cripple, with burning eyes and a heart loaded to bursting, in the hands of Lister. "Why did you come to me?" said Lister. "Because I am told by the rest of your profession," said Henley, "that you are totally incompetent." His biographer tells us that Lister made no reply to this; "but he saved the foot."

II

This incident, coupled with the little drama of the crutch, gives more than a glimpse of that unquenchable fire within Henley, the critic and poet, against which all shams, and everything but the truth, in men and literature, shrivelled up like scribbled forms, "writ on a parchment."

He passed nearly two years in that hospital, testing all his thoughts at that inner fire. All the nonsense, everything but the truth, was burnt out of the verses that he wrote there. Their peculiar merit is not in their realism or their metrical freedom, though they might appeal to some of our moderns on those grounds alone,—the grounds upon which they were rejected by every editor in London at that time. They have a

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unique importance in our literature on other grounds, a value not discovered in Henley's own day, nor recognised in ours.

Henley has been praised for his sonnet on Stevenson, for instance, just as he has been praised for his "Song of the Sword," and his "Nightingale." But a hundred other poems of battle or the spring may be ranked above or below these last two. The peculiar gift of Henley, the gift that singles him out as a great writer, a major poet, not only from his contemporaries, but also from all his peers in the past, is his gift of portraiture. He is the John Sargent of English literature—our first, our only, and unapproachable portrait painter, in English verse. Not in the great masterpieces of our sonnet literature, not in Rossetti, not in Wordsworth, not in Milton, not in Shakespeare even, shall we find that peculiar gift which is displayed over and over again in the work of Henley. And he learned to use it in the long days when he was prisoned in that cold, clean hospital ward, half workhouse and half jail. There was nothing for him to feast his eyes upon in that square, squat room, except "plasters astray in unnatural looking tinware, scissors and lint and apothecaries' jars," nothing but the human countenance under every kind of stress, —pain, suspense, compassion, and grief. There he found the right world for the exercise of his highest powers. Perhaps only a man who had himself looked up into the steady eyes of the surgeon could have given us that portrait of the Chief —Lister—the large placid brow, the soft lines of tranquil thought, the benign face, proud and shy, his faultless patience and unyielding will, against that tender background of innumerable gratitudes. Only a man who had seen and known the beauty and strength of it, five minutes before the knife, could have given us that finest touch of all:

His wise rare smile is sweet with certainties.

Into what a wonderful gallery of portraits does he turn those naked corridors: The Scrubber of the Ward; The Sailor who, leaning on elbow, tells of the drums he heard on the wharf at Charleston, and gives to those cabined shipmates of the ward, once more, the colours of the world, the romance of its distances, to drink like wine; the Visitor, whose little face is like a walnut shell with its wrinkles, and soft white hair adorning either brow "in quaint straight curls, like horns;" the two children in the private ward; the Lady-probationer, who has a history; the Staff Nurse, Old Style and New; the Rescued Suicide, with his "unrazored features, ghastly brown against his pillow, and the throat so strangely bandaged."

Henley knew them all, talked with them all; and, like the great masters of his art in colour, he painted their souls as well as their faces. He was quite conscious, too, of his aims in the matter, and not a little ambitious, as one may gather from the hint given in the "Staff-Nurse, Old Style:"

The greater masters of the commonplace,
Rembrandt and good Sir Walter—only these
Could paint her all to you: experienced ease
And antique liveliness and ponderous grace;
The sweet old roses in her sunken face;
The depth of malice of her sly grey eyes;
The broad Scots tongue that flatters, scolds, defies;
The thick Scots wit that fells you like a mace.
These thirty years has she been nursing here,
Some of them under SYME, her hero still.
Much is she worth, and even more is made of her.
Patients and students hold her very dear.
The doctors love her, tease her, use her skill.
They say, "The Chief" himself is half-afraid of her.

It is neither Rembrandt nor Velasquez, for it is in a different medium; but it is a genuine Henley, of the very first rank as a portrait in English verse. With his deliberate and unique ambition in view, it is worth while requoting and re-examining the finest portrait of all, perhaps the finest portrait ever painted in English poetry; for, outside the works of Henley there is hardly one to be com-

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pared with it,—just as before the opening paragraphs of *Œnone* and the *Lotus Eaters,* there are only two or three landscapes in English verse to be compared with the work of Tennyson. This finest portrait of all is, of course, the *Apparition,*—exquisitely apt title for that picture of Stevenson, the amazing visitor who entered like the very Spirit of Romance, prophesying freedom, and loaded the invalid's bed with "big yellow books quite impudently French."

Thin-legged, thin-chested, slight unspeakably,
Neat-footed and weak-fingered; in his face—
Lean, large-boned, curved of beak, and touched with race,
Bold-lipped, rich-tinted, mutable as the sea,
The brown eyes radiant with vivacity—
There shines a brilliant and romantic grace,
A spirit intense and rare, with trace on trace
Of passion and impudence and energy.
Valiant in velvet, light in ragged luck,
Most vain, most generous, sternly critical,
Buffoon and poet, lover and sensualist:
A deal of Ariel, just a streak of Puck,
Much Antony, of Hamlet most of all,
And something of the Shorter-Catechist.

Every line, every phrase of every line, is masterly and alive with significance. There is not one botched stroke from the first syllable to the last. But it might as well have been exhibited to dead men as to the critics of his own time, one of whom—Leslie Stephen—spoke of these verses as being "of the Swinburnian kind!" Nor has the matter been readjusted; for many of those who acclaim Henley to-day are almost equally wrong in the grounds of their praise. Most of his lyrics are commonplace, brief ditties of the spring that had been done better by other men; ballades and rondels that have been done far better by a hundred hands; irregular odes, anthems and voluntaries, that contain much of the pomp and circumstance, but little of the exaltation that lifts the similar work of Francis Thompson into the realms of gold. His work in all these kinds has been praised, by those who admire him, indiscriminately; and this is a real injustice, for in his real gift he stood alone. A worse injustice has been done to him by those of his friends who realise the inadequacy of much that has been praised by the indiscriminate, and would declare, like the *Dictionary of National Biography,* that "his verse was the occasional recreation of a life mainly occupied with editing and the criticism of literature and art;" or that his value to posterity lies in the fact that he endured suffering with courage. This is rating his crutch above his art, and makes a warning all the more necessary, since I drew a picture of his violent use of that crutch. Nobody desires to see the staff of THE BOOKMAN, for instance, substituting the crutch for the pen and braining the "best sellers." This might prove the manhood of the editor, but it would be a confession of weakness in literature. It would be unjust, too, to write about Henley the Man, with a capital M, to the prejudice of that work into which he put all his brain and brawn and blood and energy; that work by which alone we know him. The work is big, and we take his manhood for granted. THE BOOKMAN, despite its quiet name, invited me to write chiefly of the Henley who "suffered like a red Indian at the stake," with not very much—please—about his work, which is of minor importance. This would indeed be unjust to Henley, and this would be bad for literature also; since it not only obscures the best he had to give us, but it gives him a higher rank than Shakespeare himself, who was comparatively at ease in Zion. Moreover, there is a man named Wilkins, who suffered and endured more than Henley ever imagined, in another hospital that I know; and THE BOOKMAN has no desire whatever for an article on the suffering of Wilkins. Why? Is it because Wilkins never used a pen as Henley used it?

III

Let us clear our minds of the confusion of thought occasioned by a period

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of violence, or we may yet find that we are carrying on the torch of barbarism instead of that torch of literature, which it is the splendid duty of THE BOOKMAN to cherish at the present day. There are millions of men suffering and enduring to-day far more than Henley ever did; for, after all, his bed in the hospital was heaped with big yellow books, and he corrected his proofs for many a year with joy. And I know of a boy in France, who will never receive a single line in THE BOOKMAN or any other periodical—a boy who died hideously without a whisper, a shapeless thing, in four long days of horror. He was an only son, and his mother went mad.

Therefore, unless we clear our minds of literary confusions, I think THE BOOKMAN should change its name. Certainly I am not going to pretend that Shelley in the common phrase was "crucified" by Oxford, when he was simply sent down to have a very good time on a large income; nor can I pretend that Henley was a tortured Red Indian, while he describes the pleasant sensations of the anæsthetic—a pleasure which I remember vividly myself—and while they are lacking ether at the front. No. Henley suffered, of course; but blood is blood, and ink is ink, and I am not going to pretend that even red ink has a value other than a literary one.

For the values of literature are not to be determined by impossible estimates of the comparative sufferings in life of those who produced it; nor can we ever estimate or compare those sufferings in life itself, except as they are communicated to us through literature. All we are concerned with is this main question: *Is the work good or bad?* If it be bad, then no desire or regret will make it good. If it be a bad picture or novel or poem, it shall not rank with the works of Whistler or Dickens or the bountifully happy Browning, even though the writer of it suffer the tortures of the damned. These values must not be confused, in the violence of the moment. Literature enshrines the best of our civilisation. It is the strongest and surest bridge between the past and the future. If we blow it up, we lose not only Henley the poet, but Henley the man also; and condemn the whole world to amnesia.

Henley was a great artist—that is why THE BOOKMAN must cruelly prefer him to Wilkins; and it is through his work, his work alone, that the great-hearted man still speaks to us.

The other view would be all the more unjust to Henley because, if there were one thing which he tried to convey to us more than another, it was the joy that he had in every moment of his life. Even in that bleak hospital, he speaks of the fun and frolic, scattered through a penny whistle, tickled by artistic fingers to the tune of "The Wind That Shakes the Barley."

> Kate the scrubber (forty summers,
> Stout but sportive) treads a measure,
> Grinning, in herself a ballet,
> Fixed as fate upon her audience.
>
> Stumps are shaking, crutch-supported;
> Splinted fingers tap the rhythm;
> And a head all helmed with plasters
> Wags a measured approbation.

This is a grim picture but he did not mean us to lift our hands in horror at it. The keynote of it all is joy, grim joy in life, down to the last edge of the corner-stone, death. It is not suffering. It is the facing of reality and the cry—*non dolet!*

Moreover, it is not in the words and phrases where he flings his crutch that he displays his greatest strength. The kind of violence which he occasionally displays in his verse is, I think, more symptomatic of his physical affliction than of his mental strength. His greatest work, his portraiture, is free from that violence entirely; for this work was the outcome of his constant passion for life itself with all its humours. He continued this portrait-painting in his T. E. Brown, in his London Types, his studies of the Bus-driver, The Hawker, The Coster, The Flower Girl; and it is really the basis of all his prose writing, too. His essay on Burns, on Byron, his sketch of Dis-

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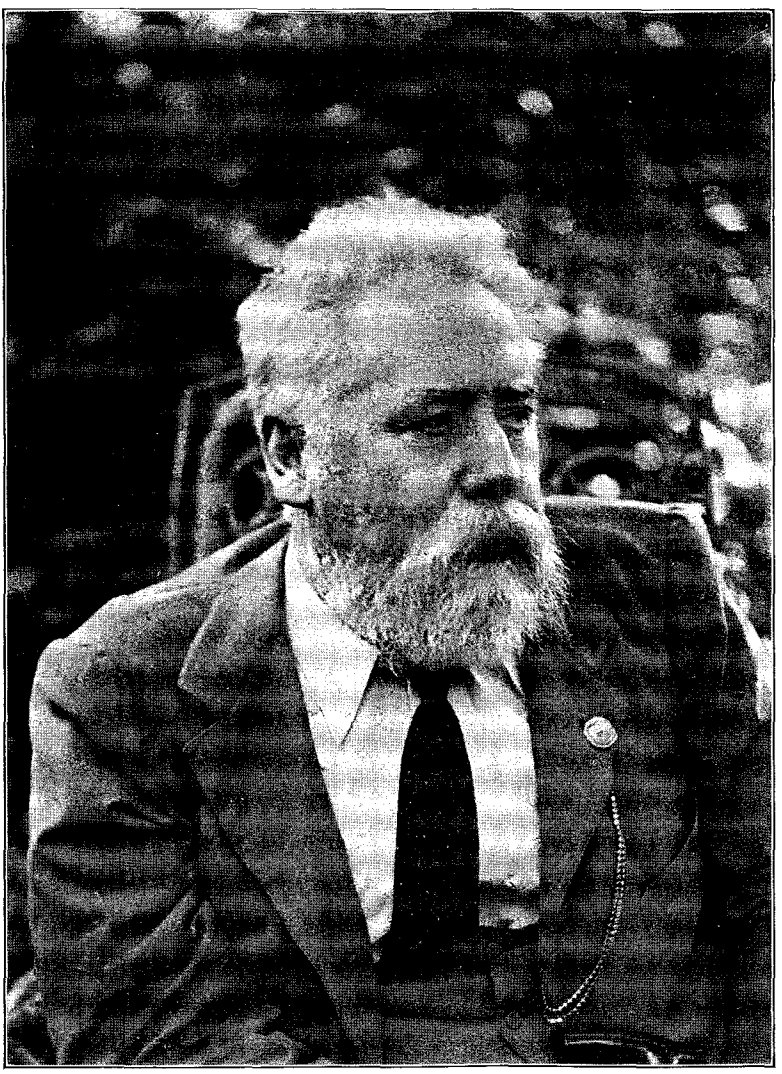
raeli and a dozen others, are all contributions to his unique portrait gallery.

IV

Henley knew his own aims. He was ambitious, as I said above. But he knew his own limitations also. "I have no invention," he said. He would probably have failed in the drama hopelessly without Stevenson's collaboration. A large proportion of his songs are deliberate "echoes." A section of them bears that title. Whenever he launched into the fury of song, with a few exceptions, his violence obscured the plain truth and his real gift, which was, from first to last, his gift of portraiture, the gift of a man who could look sheer through the hearts and minds and souls of his sitters, conscious or unconscious. There is no violence in his picture of the Fish-



WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY

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wife; but there is the quiet strength of a giant:

A hard north-easter fifty winters long
Has bronzed and shrivelled sere her face and neck;
Her locks are wild and grey, her teeth a wreck;
Her foot is vast, her bowed leg spare and strong.

So she comes down, in her wide blue cloak, her great creel slung on her forehead, her gnarled brown fingers easing the heavy strap; and the more the picture is studied the greater it appears. Many of the words suggest secondary meanings—in the subtlest fashion. Note, for instance, the use of the word "wreck" in the third line, with its inevitable secondary sea-suggestions, continued in the wild grey flowing of her locks, and in other phrases, to the end of the sonnet.

It is significant, too, that even in his patriotic poetry he was only at his best when he first personified England and then drew her portrait. Much of his other patriotic verse is merely violent Prussianism of the sort that called very urgently for Mr. Kipling's "Recessional." In his "Last Post," it is true, he made the bugles of England blow out gloriously over those chosen who died for her sake; but it was when he personified England in his great poem on the death of Queen Victoria, or in that other song of the bugles, which must again be quoted, that he touched his greatest:

What have I done for you,
England, my England?
What is there I would not do,
England, my own?
With your glorious eyes austere,
As the Lord were walking near,
Whispering terrible things and dear
As the Song on your bugles blown,
England—
Round the world on your bugles blown!

And, after all, what is the one distinguishing peculiarity of his most famous poem, "Invictus," but the fact that it is a portrait of himself, after the fashion of some of the old masters? He who reads it aright, but only he, will not need to declare that this true poet was a man:

Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods may be
For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance,
I have not winced nor cried aloud,
Under the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody, but unbowed.

* * * * *

It matters not how strait the gate,
How charged with punishments the scroll,
I am the master of my fate:
I am the captain of my soul.

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SAXE—THE VERMONT POET

BY J. G. S. AND M. S. S.

Give me English, the aptest tongue to paint
A sage or dunce, a villain or a saint,
To lend fantastic Humour freest scope
To marshal all his laughter-moving troop
Give Pathos, Power, and Fancy, lightest wings,
And Wit, his merriest whims and keenest stings. *Progress.*

THE French say that forty lines may suffice to bestow literary immortality. John Godfrey Saxe, born just a century ago, State's attorney and twice candidate for Governor of his native State, lawyer, editor, lecturer, and poet, still lives through the peculiar wit and humour which characterised his poems. Saxe was born on June 2, 1816, at Highgate, Vermont, then known as Saxe's Mills. The frame house in which he was born, built by his pioneer grandfather when he removed from Rhinebeck on the Hudson in Revolutionary days, is still standing, and the old mill-wheel is now used as its door step. Saxe's ballad, "Little Jerry, the Miller," is reminiscent of his boyhood days. It begins:

Beneath the hill, you may see the mill
With wasting wood and crumbling stone;
The wheel is dripping, clattering still,
But Jerry, the miller, is dead and gone.

Saxe's early studies were at the St. Albans Academy, and in 1839 he was graduated from Middlebury College. In 1850, when Middlebury College celebrated its semi-centennial, Saxe recited his "Carmen Laetum," celebrating his Alma Mater's refusal to accept Vermont University's offer to consolidate with it. In 1853, he was initiated into the Psi Upsilon fraternity and, as poet of the fraternity at its banquet in that year, he read a poem, the closing lines of which are read at nearly every Psi U. reunion:

Success to "Psi Upsilon!"—Beautiful name!
To the eye and the ear it is pleasant the same;
Many thanks to old Cadmus, who made us his debtors,
By inventing, one day, those capital letters,
Which still, from the heart, we shall know how to speak
When we've fairly forgotten the rest of our Greek!
Remember 'tis blessèd to give and forgive;

Live chiefly to love, and love while you live;
And dying, when life's little journey is done,
May your last, fondest sigh, be *Psi* Upsilon!

In September, 1841, the young poet was married to Sophia Newell Sollace, a daughter of Judge Calvin Sollace, and they made their home at Burlington, Vermont, where Saxe became the editor of the Burlington *Sentinel,* wrote poetry, practised law, and played at politics.

Until he was twenty-five, Saxe wrote little or nothing, and then his ballad of the "Briefless Barrister" appeared in the *Knickerbocker Magazine*—the leading periodical of the day.

Unfortunate man that I am!
I've never a client but grief:
The case is, I've no case at all,
And in brief, I've ne'er had a brief!

'Tis not that I'm wanting in law,
Or lack an intelligent face,
That others have cases to plead,
While I have to plead for a case.

O, how can a modest young man
E'er hope for the smallest progression,—
The profession's already so full
Of lawyers so full of profession!

and, then, after the briefless barrister had drowned himself:

Next morning twelve citizens came
('Twas the coroner bade them attend),

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To the end that it might be determined
How the man had determined his end!

"The man was a lawyer, I hear,"
Quoth the foreman who sat on the corse.
"A lawyer? Alas!" said another,
"Undoubtedly died of remorse!"

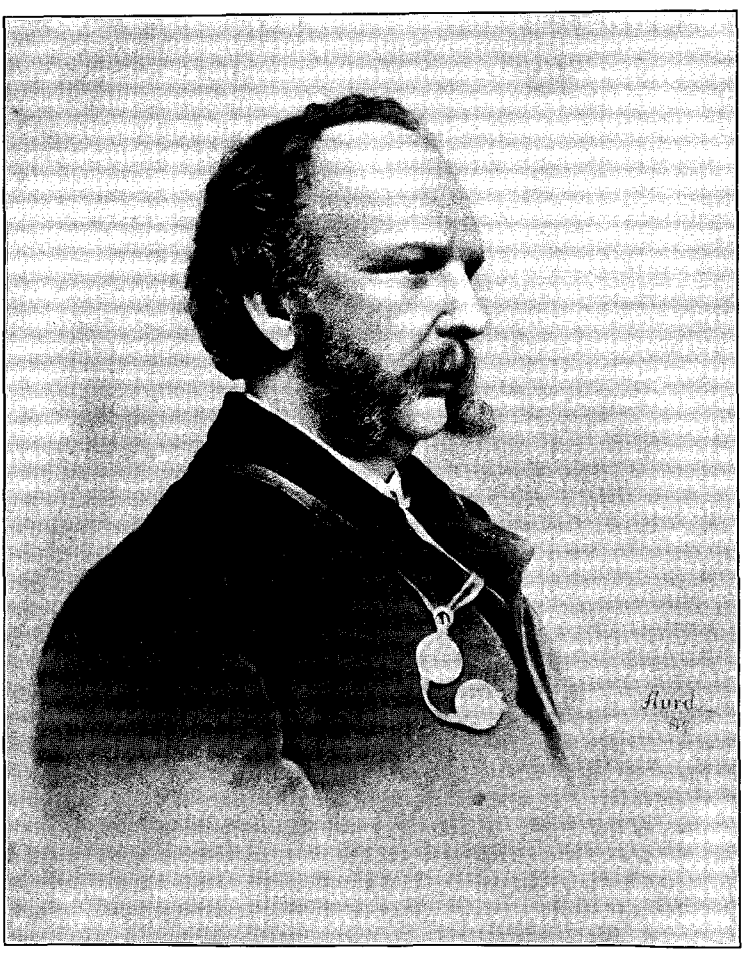
A third said, "He knew the deceased,
An attorney well versed in the laws,
And as to the cause of his death,
'Twas no doubt for the want of a cause."

The jury decided at length,
After solemnly weighing the matter,
That the lawyer was drownDed, because
He could not keep his head above water!

Another early contribution to the *Knickerbocker* was the "Rhyme of the Rail," which was reprinted all over the United States, appeared in London *Punch* and was known to generations of school children. "In reading it," says one commentator on Saxe, "one can close his eyes and almost hear the varied sounds that form an undersong to the monotonous rumble of the cars." It ran thus:

RHYME OF THE RAIL

Singing through the forests,
Rattling over ridges,
Shooting under arches,



JOHN GODFREY SAXE

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Rumbling over bridges,
Whizzing through the mountains,
Buzzing o'er the vale,—
Bless me! this is pleasant,
Riding on the Rail!

Men of different "stations"
In the eye of Fame
Here are very quickly
Coming to the same.
High and lowly people,
Birds of every feather,
On a common level
Travelling together!

Gentleman quite old,
Asking for the news;
Gentleman in black,
In a fit of blues;
Gentleman in claret,
Sober as a vicar;
Gentleman in Tweed,
Dreadfully in liquor!

Stranger on the right,
Looking very sunny,
Obviously reading
Something rather funny.
Now the smiles are thicker,
Wonder what they mean?
Faith he's got the
Knickerbocker Magazine!

Ancient maiden lady
Anxiously remarks,
That there must be peril
'Mong so many sparks!
Roguish-looking fellow,
Turning to a stranger,
Says it's his opinion
She is out of danger!

Singing through the forests,
Rattling over ridges,
Shooting under arches,
Rumbling over bridges,
Whizzing through the mountains,
Buzzing o'er the vale,—
Bless me! this is pleasant,
Riding on the Rail!

In 1846, Saxe's first published volume was printed, "Progress, a Satire," and among his longer poems are "The Money King" and "The Proud Miss McBride." The latter is exceedingly humourous and full of satire upon the pretensions of would-be aristocrats in this country, as when he writes:

Of all the notable things on earth,
The queerest one is pride of birth,
Among our "fierce Democracie"!
A bridge across a hundred years,
Without a prop to save it from sneers,—
Not even a couple of rotten Peers,—
A thing for laughter, fleers, and jeers,
Is American aristocracy!
Depend upon it, my snobbish friend,
Your family thread you can't ascend,
Without good reason to apprehend
You may find it waxed at the farther end
By some plebeian vocation;
Or, worse than that, your boasted Line
May end in a loop of stronger twine,
That plagued some worthy relation!

As early as May, 1853, William Cullen Bryant wrote of "Proud Miss McBride,"—"This delightful poem shows an uncommon facility of versification. You will not find a single nonsensical or slovenly line in the entire book, no slipshod English and no rough edges or loose ends. Saxe's heroic couplets, we are inclined to think, are the best of their kind that America has yet produced, and quite lately, with other of Saxe's measures, they have had much currency given them by the English and the Scotch papers."

In 1859 and 1860, Saxe ran for Governor of Vermont on the Democratic ticket. He, of course, had little chance for election, and in accepting his first nomination he wrote a short letter closing with the words: "For further political views and opinions, I will refer you to my inaugural message." An incident of the campaign gave rise to the following:

A CANDID CANDIDATE

When John was contending (though sure to be beat)
In the annual race for the Governor's seat,
And a crusty old fellow remarked to his face,
He was clearly too young for so lofty a place,—

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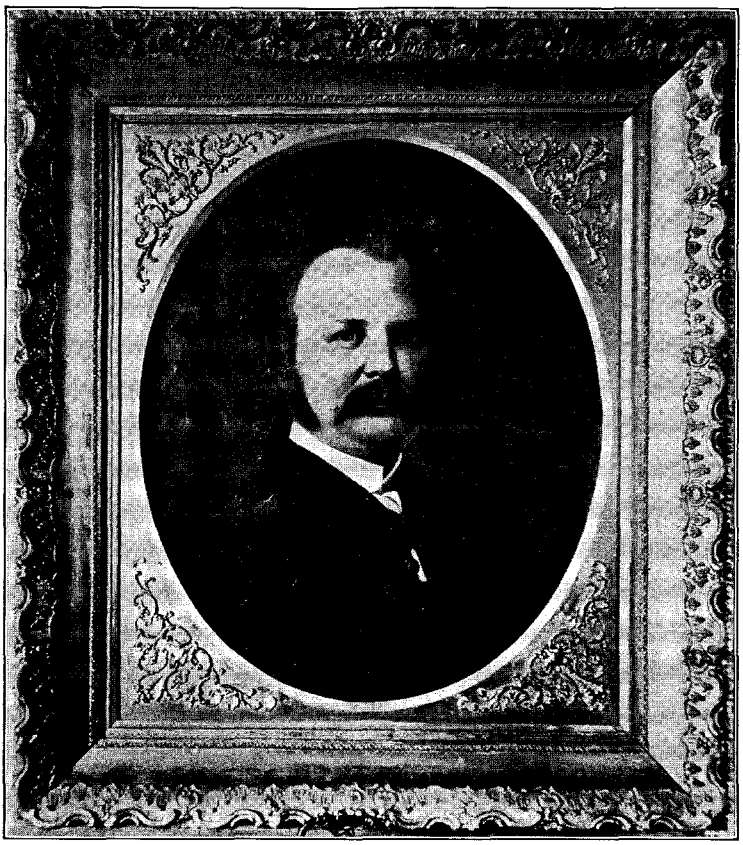

JOHN GODFREY SAXE. FROM A PORTRAIT IN THE POSSESSION OF MRS. ALLEN T. CLEMENT, A GRANDDAUGHTER

"Perhaps so," said John; "but consider a minute
The objection will cease by the time I am in it!"

In or about 1860, Mr. and Mrs. Saxe moved to Albany, New York, and Saxe now devoted himself wholly to literature and lecturing.

Now I am a man, you must learn,
Less famous for beauty than strength,
And for aught I could ever discern,
Of rather superfluous length.
In truth, 'tis but seldom one meets
Such a Titan in human abodes,
And when I walk over the streets,
I'm a perfect Colossus of roads.

Thus he described his personal appearance, which was in reality most attractive, and, with his skill in speaking, won great popularity as a lecturer and reader of his own verses. In the palmy days of the old lyceum system he attracted brilliant and overflowing audiences and was popular everywhere. But it is chiefly as a poet that Saxe will be known to posterity, and more especially as a humourous poet. He has often been styled the Tom Hood of America, and he resembled Oliver Wendell Holmes in the finish of his verse, but had the advantage over him in his faculty of punning.

You'll oft find in books, rather ancient than recent,

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SOPHIA SOLLACE SAXE

A gap in the page marked with "*cetera desunt,*"
By which you may commonly take it for granted
The passage is wanting without being wanted;
And may borrow, besides, a significant hint
That *desunt* means simply *not* decent to print!

Summer after summer, in the early sixties, the poet was to be seen at Saratoga Springs. One raconteur says, "There was Saxe, six foot tall, attired from head to foot in white duck, the centre of an admiring group. He was one of the most brilliant talkers of his day. His fine head with its brown flowing locks and deep-set blue eyes towered above his companions. Presently his flow of conversation ceased, as he paused to listen to a voice singing in the hotel parlours. The words were wafted out onto the night air.

I know a girl with teeth of pearl,
And shoulders white as snow.
She lives? Ah well,
I must not tell,—
Wouldn't you like to know?

Her sunny hair is wondrous fair,
And wavy in its flow;
Who made it less
One little tress
Wouldn't you like to know?

It is one of Saxe's love ballads, which had a great vogue at one time, but have

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been long forgotten. Someone that night laughingly suggested that the author had better tell them all about the maiden in the song, and with ready wit the bard replied, "Well, why not ask the singer, you see she has just been taking notes on the subject."

It was during one of Saxe's twenty-three consecutive summers at Saratoga Springs that he answered the question, "Pray, what do they do at the Springs?" with his "Song of Saratoga," which was reprinted many a summer afterwards:

Imprimis, my darling, they drink
The waters so sparkling and clear,
Though the flavour is none of the best,
And the odour exceedingly queer;
But the fluid is mingled, you know,
With wholesome medicinal things,
So they drink, and they drink, and they drink,—
And that's what they do at the Springs!

Now, they stroll in the beautiful walks,
Or loll in the shades of the trees;
Where many a whisper is heard
That never is told by the breeze;
And hands are commingled with hands,
Regardless of conjugal rings;
And they flirt, and they flirt, and they flirt,—
And that's what they do at the Springs!

In short,—as it goes in the world—
They eat, and they drink and they sleep;
They talk, and they walk, and they woo;
They sigh, and they laugh, and they weep;
They read, and they ride, and they dance;
(With other unspeakable things;)
They pray, and they play, and they *pay!*
And that's what they do at the Springs!

Saxe was devoted to his family. To his wife he dedicated the principal edition of his poems in the following words: "To my best friend—a diamond edition of a woman—I inscribe this diamond edition of the verses of her husband J. G. S."

Shortly after John's brother James married John's wife's sister, Sarah, the poet-brother wrote on the back of a letter from his wife to her sister:

Most lovely "Sal,"
You naughty gal,
Pray how's your noble Jim?
And how is she
Who made for me
A brother-in-law of him?

And when John's brother, Charles Saxe, announced the birth of twin sons "John" and "Jim," John's congratulations were accompanied by this:

The proverb says in solemn tone
Troubles seldom come alone.
But to recompense our cares,
Blessings are sometimes sent in pairs;
Thus when a single babe was due,
The grateful father welcomes two.
God bless them, in this world of trouble,
May both find all their blessings double;
And to the joy of sire and mother,
Each prove a blessing to the other.

Many of the jingles and rhymes which he made up on the spur of the moment to entertain his little nieces and nephews have been left unrecorded, but one which has survived goes like this:

Can you tell me why—a hypocrite's eye—
Can better descry—than you can—or I—
Upon how many toes—a pussy-cat goes?

And the answer,

Since a man of deceit—could best count-er-feit—
I should suppose—as everything goes—
He could best count-er-toes!

John Godfrey Saxe has outlived many of the writers of his day because he realised that the mission of mirth and humour was to restore the balance which is frequently lost by the weight of so much that is drudgery in life. Even a vein of jests is soon worked out; but mirth is a perennial flower. That is why this son of Vermont is not forgotten, though he died a quarter of a century ago.

Oh Mirth! If it might
Arrest the flight
Of time—through Life's dominions;
We, here a while,

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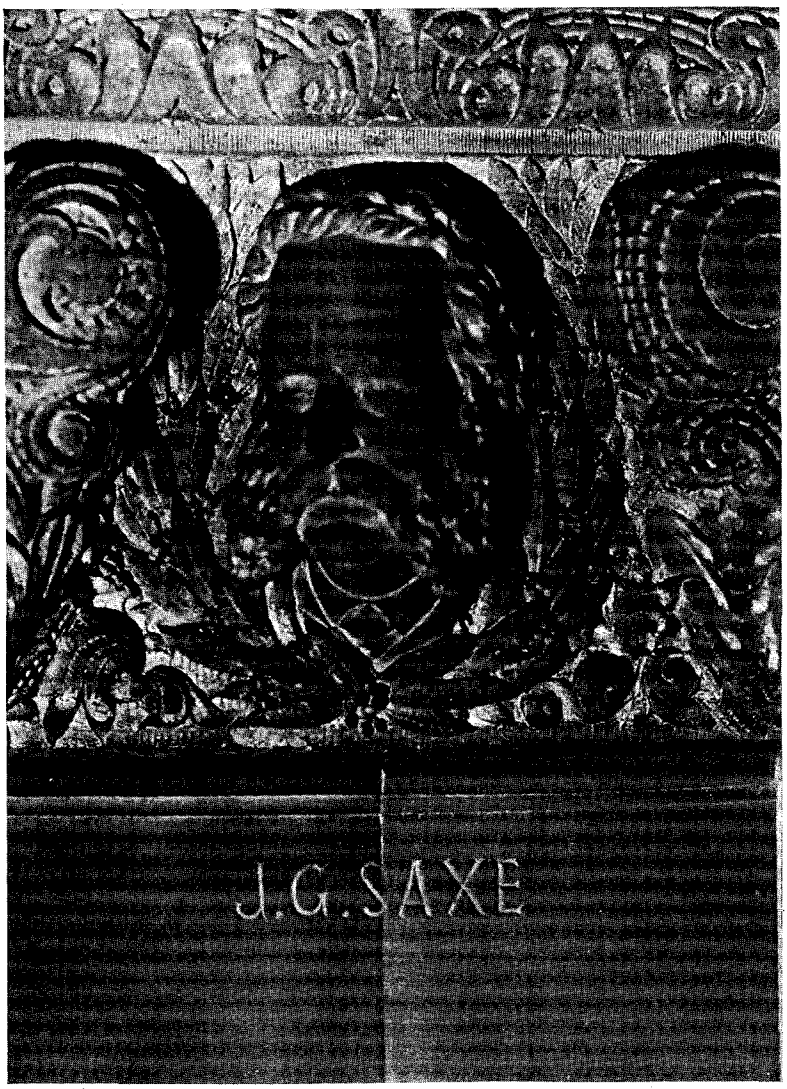
Would now beguile
The graybeard of his pinions.
We'll drink to-night
With hearts as light—
To loves as gay and fleeting—
As bubbles that swim
On the beaker's brim
And break on the lips while meeting.



PORTRAIT OF JOHN GODFREY SAXE IN BAS-RELIEF IN THE CAPITOL AT ALBANY

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ALIAS DAVID GRAYSON—A TRIBUTE

BY JOHN S. PHILLIPS

I IMAGINE that twenty-five thousand years ago the Crô-Magnon man who made wonderful drawings of animals on the walls of his cave wondered how he did it and by what magic he, at times, had a power within, that made him different from his cave-dwelling fellows. He may well have seemed to himself several persons in one physical envelope or had a dim sense of the layers of personality, as the speculative and æsthetic of every generation since have had. Perhaps he sought vainly for other manifestations of the inner mysteries.

It is apparently true of every creator, of artistic craft, that his very work consciously or sub-consciously urges him to attempt the discovery of hidden powers and qualities that may serve his craft. He has to dig out of himself the shaping and solidifying elements as well as the creative stuff out of which his work is made.

The instinctive purpose and aim of the literary craftsman is to write what he is. Whatever form this writing takes, his peculiar ability itself, by a sort of evolutionary power, seeks to reinforce and to further its own purposes by searching for the truthful aspects of the individual in which it is and of which it is. The tendency is to work through the layers of personality and interest down; until finally it has reached the essential and fundamental—the realest person of the group that lives and moves and has its collective being in the one individual.

The highest art of writing is to show the native quality of mind; the more striking and unusual the person, the richer the product when, as an artist, he has found the way of naturally showing you what he is.

Of course, brains, intelligence and industry are essential to the mastery of a technique that shall properly, fittingly and justly be put to the service of the imagination and creative power. Technique is an evolution, an acquirement; in the main, the result of intelligent work and devoted practice, of actual experience and the study of ways of doing things.

In rough summary, the difficulty of the art of writing (and perhaps other arts) is the difficulty of being what you are and using yourself in a native manner to produce what you want.

Ray Stannard Baker, *alias* David Grayson, would blush and then smile to see these serious and laboured considerations used with reference to himself. I put them down because I had been running them over in my mind in connection with David Grayson. He is the latest avatar of Ray Baker.

Baker was a wonderful reporter. For a good many years he went up and down the world seeing all kinds of people and somehow getting an unusual degree of truth in his reports about them. He had a fresh, eager curiosity about men and their ways, and a tolerant sense of defects and failures, with the natural instinct to penetrate motives, intentions and the state of civilisation of the actors whose doings he set down.

I have known Baker for nearly twenty years and he has seemed to be continually working a little deeper and a little deeper into his inside personal possessions, getting at something different or newer.

There is in him clear markings of several strong strains of ancestry: a definite element that comes down from the old President of Yale, who was one of his forebears. Also something derived from that strain which made his uncle, General Baker, the great secret service man of the Civil War. It was this un-

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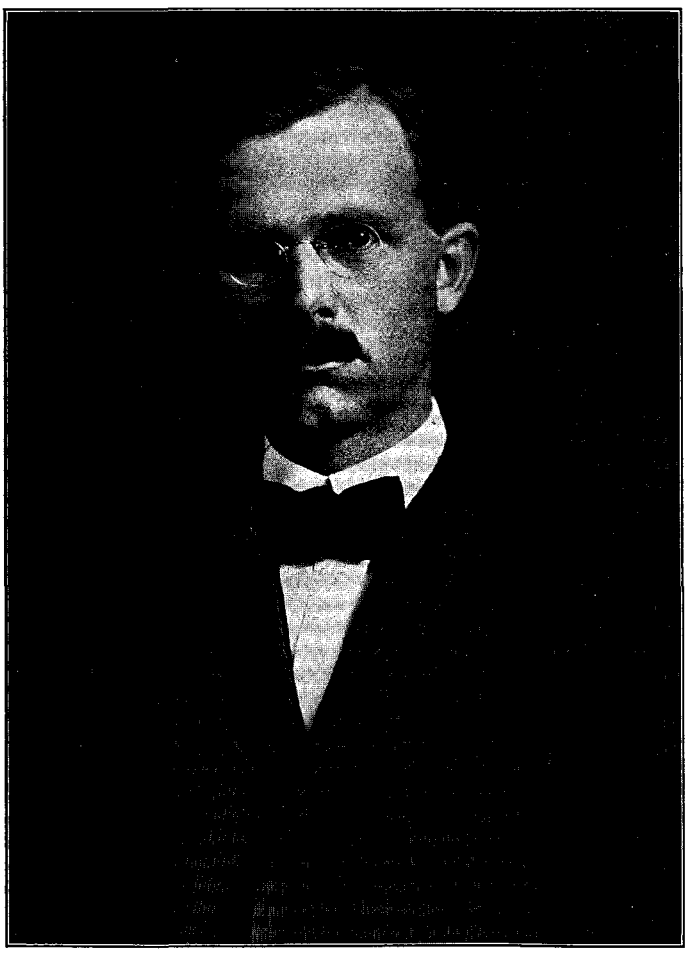
cle who captured Booth and had many remarkable adventures, some of which Ray has recorded in articles and stories. He also inherited a quality that made his father a real pioneer, a believer in the future of his country and state, with a strong vision of what Northern Wisconsin would become. With these strains there came through the mystery of heredity something else; a solvent, that did not disintegrate these sterner elements but by some psychological alchemy used them and saturated them—the humane and earth-loving spirit that finally evinced itself in the David Grayson writings.

In David Grayson, Baker showed himself what we knew him to be vaguely and dimly—and I might say affectionately, because our feeling for him was beyond that which would naturally be elicited by his fine reports of actualities, his remarkable interviews with scientific men, or his sound, wholesome and perhaps indignant articles on great questions involving the rights and wrongs of the people in the expansion of the Commonwealth. Baker was a long time getting down to the real substratum that is exhibited in his *alter ego,* David Grayson. He had to work through a good many layers, but he was always the writer,



ALIAS DAVID GRAYSON

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persistently, everlastingly writing and recording what he saw, with a good heart and a good brain and ever fresh interest. I suppose he vaguely felt that there was something else, something more that he must reach in himself.

I shall never forget the thrill I had in reading those first two David Grayson stories handed to me with the strict injunction that no one, not even our associates, were to know the author. It was one of those thrills that an editor gets only too seldom in his life. The usual way of saying it is to refer to the astronomer's new star or the botanist's new plant. But any one can realise it, if he will recall the sensation had on seeing some new and beautiful scene; or at the first sight of the ocean or the first real view of mountains. It is accompanied by a feeling almost of creation. When mood, temperament and circumstances are harmonious, things freshly perceived seem somehow of our own making or inventing. I felt then that I had discovered Ray Baker; at any rate I knew he had discovered himself.

Now, as I go back I can see that he was always this. And I want here to express something that is difficult, at least difficult for me, to express. It is that Ray Baker is naturally good. It seems easy for him. He has camped, hunted and tramped and worked in many parts of the West and North. He has forgathered with all kinds of men, rough and cultivated alike. He has been among the brigands of the rough Balkans, with the university groups of Germany and Great Britain, with people of Cuba, Central America, Hawaii, and most States of the Union. He has been on intimate and friendly terms with all sorts, often where good fellowship expresses itself in purely masculine modes and manners, and habits of speech. Yet in Ray Baker it seems normal and natural that he does not drink or smoke or swear. It is not an exclusion, it is not a deprivation; apparently these things never interested him. He is just as much a good fellow and companion. His sense of life is so buoyant and joyous that he has not seen the need of anything to stimulate it. He enters into lively companionship with his fellows without drinking or smoking; and expresses extemporaneous indignation to a vivid degree without profanity. He doesn't miss these acquirements, neither do his friends.

His is a sound, wholesome character to which one would like to apply the word sweet in its true, homely sense, meaning that there is in his nature some preserving element that keeps it right and true to itself and prevents it from growing musty or sour or changing character under the shocks or wear of life.

Ray Baker is a workman of sincerity and conscience and industry. He never scamped a job; from the time he was a reporter on the old Chicago *Record,* tramping gaily with Coxey's Army or going without fear and without offence into the anarchy of the great coal strike; through his many boy stories for the *Youth's Companion;* his dozens of articles, investigations and interviews for *McClure's* and *The American Magazine,* right down to the triumphantly rewritten *Hempfield.* There's a workman for you, gentlemen of the craft!

At many points David Grayson is truly Ray Baker. Like Grayson he is a natural born neighbour. Wherever he has lived, in St. Croix, Wisconsin, East Lansing, Michigan, in the city of Chicago, the suburbs of New York or the college town of Amherst, Massachusetts, where he now has his home, Ray Baker is always the good neighbour, the participating citizen, the friend of his community and the folks therein. He was the same with his fellow-reporters on their joint hunt for a news story or riding the trails of Arizona or New Mexico for article materials. More than once men whose careers or work he had openly condemned have unbosomed themselves to him, won by his fair and friendly spirit, thereby adding to his kindly understanding of the contradictions in the soul of the man-animal.

His friendly feeling toward all kinds

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of people is unquenchable. A thousand friends in many parts of the world are his, I suppose. And I mean friends, in the sense in which we all use the term; indicating a livelier *feeling* of personal relation. No matter what the degree of actual acquaintance there are numberless people who have this sense of friendship for Ray Baker. He doesn't readily get out of touch with these friends. I never asked him how many letters he writes and receives in a week, but they must be many—and none without a mutual personal sense and indications of human nearness.

In Grayson he enlarged his friendships, gave himself to all his readers, as he had so long to the closer circle of personal friends. For the Grayson stories depict Ray Baker pretty much as he is. It is a better picture of his spirit than any one else can write, for it is drawn unconsciously behind the screen of the pseudonym.

I see now how rash I was to try to supplement this and how inevitably faint the result. For besides the traits indicated, this rough sketch lacks many lines and shadings. I wish I could give a picture of Ray's joy in his garden and his work there with zest and intelligent practicality; or add a touch that would make you glimpse his happy family circle, and the youth blossoming vigourously in the wholesome, stimulating atmosphere his nature creates. I should like to hint at his attractive modesty, so definite and yet never preventing him from expressing a contrary opinion, when it seems needed, or going to the place or man that his work called him to, no matter how distasteful the apparent circumstances. Indeed behind his modest reserve is an abundant unconscious courage, breaking through with timely act or word.

All the David Grayson stories begin in realities, realities that Ray Baker has known and taken unto himself. Although in some external aspects these two are not the same, I am glad to attest, after nearly twenty years of unchanging friendship, that Ray Stannard Baker not only *writes* David Grayson, he *is* David Grayson.

No sooner had I set down the final words above than there fluttered up from the under-mind shadowy memories of bits of unexpected penetration and rare expression that Baker had used in speech or writing. Then a disturbing question mark reared its crooked head with a mocking smile and I wondered: Is David Grayson after all *not* the underlying stratum of Ray Stannard Baker? Is there another layer even richer and deeper? Do I hear the persistent tap of the pick and the scuffle of the shovel?

H. G. WELLS. BY JOHN HAYNES HOLMES IN JULY BOOKMAN

A very unusual study of H. G. Wells has been written for THE BOOKMAN *by John Haynes Holmes, the Pastor of the Church of the Messiah in New York City, and the President of the Unitarian Fellowship for Social Justice. It will appear in the July issue.*

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CURIOSITIES OF A BOOK-PLATE COLLECTION

BY SARGENT ROMER

A COLLECTION of book-plates—those decorative labels which book-lovers paste inside the covers of their volumes to establish ownership—may offer a very wide field of interest, in history, in art, and in biography. The antiquarian collects these little designs for their heraldic interest, or because they belonged to famous men and women of the past. He treasures, for example, the engraved slip of paper which George Washington pasted into a volume at his Mount Vernon home, or Victor Hugo's plate with its apt delineation of Notre Dame de Paris, or a book wherein Charles Dickens's crest still clings to the inside cover. The list of book-plates of such personal interest is a long one; but to give just a suggestion of the richness of the field, these names may be cited: Garrick, Pepys, Marie Antoinette, Paul Revere, Madame de Staël, Carlyle, Horace Walpole, Disraeli. These are but a few of those whose book-plates may lead one at once into the widest reaches of history and the most intimate personal memoirs.

The field is no less rich for the art-

PHILOSOPHY UP-TO-DATE

Of all the book-plates which are interesting for unusual conception, this one by Willi Geiger should have a prize. The man has removed the top of his head, and gazes spellbound at his "works." Although partaking of the nature of caricature, the design expresses very compellingly the idea of philosophical enquiry.

SOURCE OF THE STARS AND STRIPES

George Washington's book-plate might at first glance appear to have no more interest than a hundred other "Chippendale" heralidc plates, except for the added appeal that attaches to anything bearing the great statesman's name. But the real point of interest is that the arms—described in learned books as "argent, two bars gules; in chief three mullets of the second"—show those stars and stripes which served as model for the United States flag. The print shown here is from a counterfeit replica made for use in a library spuriously sold as Washington's in 1863.

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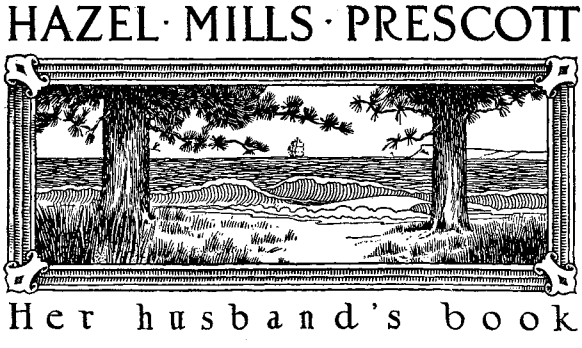
NOT A CRIMINAL'S PLATE

Our police organisations have adopted the finger-print system as the most effective method of identification of criminals. But this book-plate, stamped with the thumb-mark of its owner, is unique in the collectors' albums.

A DEVOTIONAL BOOK-PLATE

The average American is reticent about revealing affairs of the heart. Not so this devoted Frenchman, who pictures on his book-plate an admired queen of the Comédie Française in Paris.

lover. Dürer's designs are here in all their solidly satisfying beauty. Holbein, too, and Hogarth, grace the book-plate collector's albums, and Bewick brings his exquisite art to make the contrast complete. And of the moderns there are designs of men like Abbey, Klinger, Brangwyn and Vedder—to say nothing



A RETIRING HUSBAND

Whether this plate indicates a case of extreme modesty or one of woeful tyranny, the reader is left to decide. Beyond the fact that the owner's name appears only by proxy, the design is a perfectly good and normal book-plate.

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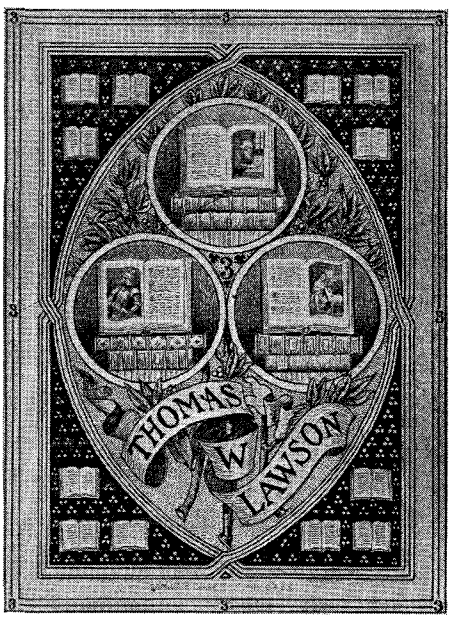
A PLAGIARISED DESIGN

When a San Francisco book collector decided to sell his library without revealing his identity, he ordered a new book-plate large enough to paste over his own in each volume. The "artist" evidently turned to a standard book about ex libris, chose the plate of Walter Crane as an attractive bit of design, and copied it as well as his bungling hand would allow. The result, as shown above, bears a fictitious name, and artistically is but a poor echo of the fine plate of the great English artist.

AN EXTREMELY SMALL BOOK-PLATE

The little Jacobi Manzoni design is one of the smallest ever regularly used as a book-plate. It belonged to an Italian book collector, Jiacomo Manzoni, who, at the time of his death in 1889, left a library of 25,000 volumes.



A PLATE OF MYSTERY

The plate of Thomas W. Lawson (of "Frenzied Finance" fame) offers an element of mystery in its unusual repetition of the number three. There are three central vignettes, containing three books each. The background has three branches, with many leaves and berries, all disposed in threes. The corners contain three books each, on a ground made up of groups of dots by threes; and the figure three appears three times in each side of the border. Mr. Lawson has as yet offered no explanation.

of a large group of specialists who give practically all their time to book-plate making. The best copperplate engraving of the last half century is to be found in the book-plate designs of men like Sherborn, French, Spenceley and Sidney Smith; and this miniature art absorbs the genius of some of the greatest etchers and wood engravers of the day.

But all these interests are in the field of the normal *ex libris,* and the scope of the present essay is among the super-

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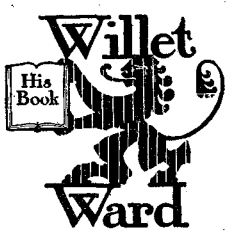

A REBUS PLATE

The significance of this little mark becomes clear when one knows that it is used by Willet *Lyon* Ward. It is typical of the clever designing of William Edgar Fisher.

normal things of the book-plate world. It is one of the most approved rules of modern designing that the book-plate shall be expressive of the owner's tastes or personality. And since taste and personality are so widely different among different peoples and countries, there are bound to be curious over-steppings of the popular notions of what a proper design should be. Sometimes through a vagary of the owner, sometimes through the carelessness or whim of the designer, or perhaps by a slip on the part of both, the book-plate occasionally turns out to be an extra-normal affair.

There are certain curiosities that cannot be reproduced in a magazine's pages. The largest known book-plate, for instance, would have to be folded to fit within magazine covers. There is recorded an English book-plate which measures more than eleven by eighteen inches. This, too, is the plate of a woman—and women's plates are as a rule smaller than men's. Other unusual designs cannot be copied here because they treat the human body too freely. Indeed there are so many erotic plates used by French, German and Austrian book-collectors that sub-collections of erotic book-plates are not infrequent. One artist who gives all his time to book-

UNINTENTIONALLY SYMBOLIC

These two designs illustrate one of those inadvertently humourous ideas that occasionally enliven the collector's albums. In the plate dated 1893 Dr. Parmele had a good average design, showing a herald crying (in German) "Lost! Lost! A book." But later the owner evidently married, for the 1898 plate is a "joint" design, with names of both husband and wife. What connection there may be between the two designs and the marriage, one is left to guess. But unmistakably the new plate shows a man up a tree.

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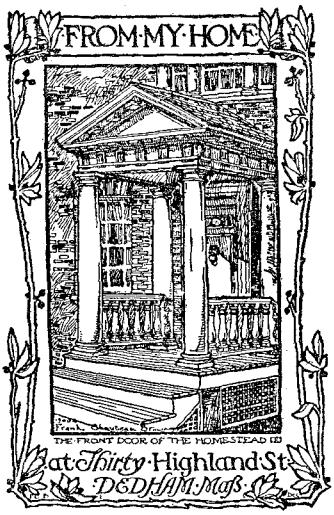
plate making was banished from Germany because his designs were too strong for German officialdom. Needless to say, they were pretty bad.

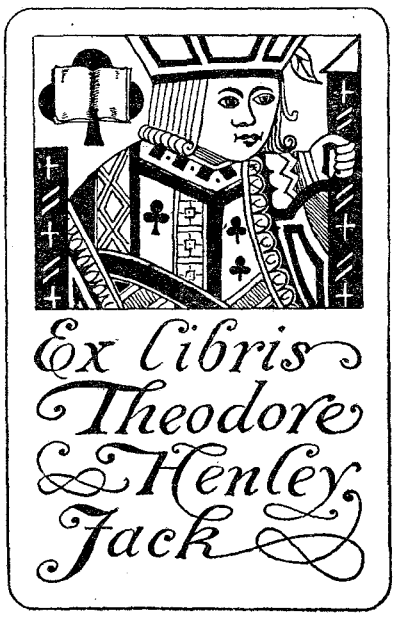
One book-plate in the collection of the present writer bears no pictorial design, consisting of twenty-nine type lines in which the owner has recorded his titles and his membership in various learned societies. Such vanity is hardly worse than that of the famous Pepys, whose book-plate shows the diarist himself in all his finest frills and furbelows. As an exception to the great number of absolutely uninteresting armorial *ex libris,* there is a heraldic plate which a London shoemaker rigged up for himself, bearing the nonconformist motto "A fig for the heralds."

If one wished to pigeonhole the curiosities of the book-plate kingdom, one might isolate certain groups, such as "uniquely conceived designs," "punning plates, "unusual revelations of character," "unintentionally humourous



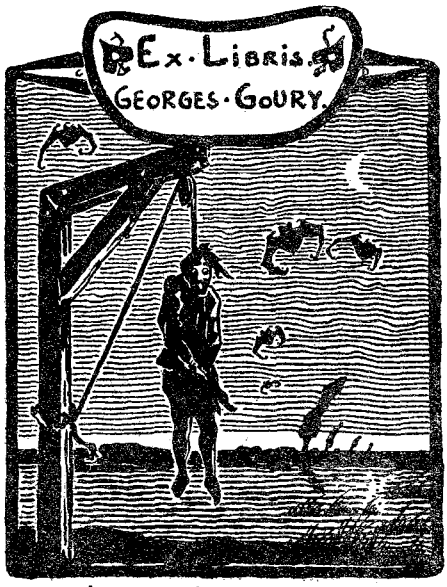
A PLATE WITHOUT A NAME

If the French owner of the plate on page 399 did not know the value of reticence, the owner of this American plate goes to the other extreme of secretiveness. His name does not appear at all, the address being considered sufficient identification.



A PUNNING PLATE

The punning plate is not especially uncommon. But this plate for Mr. Jack, made by Arthur H. Noll, is better than most.



A HORRIBLE EXAMPLE

Why anyone should want to paste this hideous design into a book is hard to explain. But it is a bona fide book-plate, used by a French collector.

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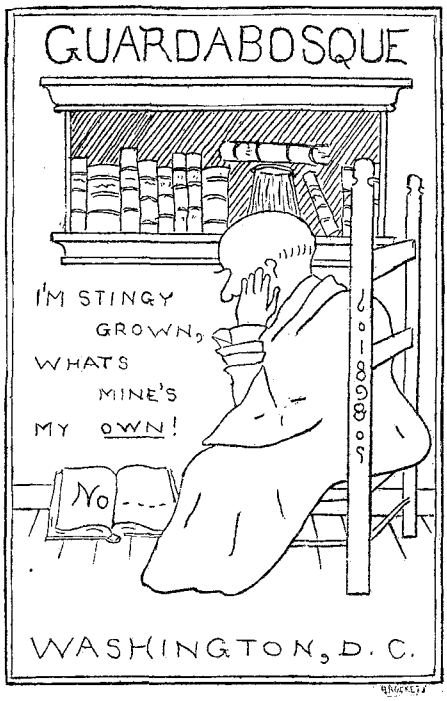

A WARNING TO BORROWERS

Seldom does a book owner so frankly express his aversion to lending as does this man, who chose for a book-plate motto: "I'm stingy grown, what's mine's my own."

RELIGION WHILE-YOU-WAIT ILLUSTRATED

This curious design was used by "The Society for Propagating the Gospell in Foreign Parts," in theological books given to American colonial libraries. There is a naïve charm about the way in which the subject is treated—in the huge missionary leaning out from his romantic ship, and holding forth his book to the eager savages on shore.

plates," etc. But after all, it is the unclassifiable things that the writer has sought to bring together. Indeed, the illustrations include those designs that stand out as most unique from a collection of several thousand items. In them the reader will find the most striking eccentricities of book-plate design.

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THE ADVANCE OF THE ENGLISH NOVEL

BY WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

PART IX

Contemporary Novelists in Great Britain—Samuel Butler—Bernard Shaw—Eden Phillpotts—George Moore and the Experimental Novel—H. G. Wells—W. J. Locke—Alfred Ollivant—Mrs. W. K. Clifford—Mary Cholmondeley—W. B. Maxwell—Leonard Merrick—H. H. Bashford—A. S. M. Hutchinson—St. John Ervine.

I AM reminded of old Vigneron's remark about Meyerbeer; for Samuel Butler died without my noticing it; I didn't even know he was sick. Shortly after his cremated ashes had been scattered to the winds of heaven, a learned lady asked me if I knew anything about Samuel Butler. Although I have ceased to be shocked at anything the azure-footed say or do, I did feel a penumbra of chagrin, for I earn my bread by teaching English Literature. I proceeded to emit a few platitudes about *Hudibras,* when I was sharply interrupted, and informed that the subject for discussion was the *great* Samuel Butler, *the* Samuel Butler, "the greatest novelist of the nineteenth century." This is a title that few writers of modern fiction have escaped, and I breathed easier. "Ignorance, Madam, pure ignorance,"—how often Johnson has helped us!

Now I am grateful to my fair tutor, for while the name of the Erewhon philosopher must eventually have penetrated even into academic circles, I might have remained a few months longer in the outer darkness, and thus have postponed my acquaintance with *The Way of All Flesh.* Butler spent a good many years writing this extraordinary book, and finished it a good many years ago, but in 1902, on his deathbed, gave for the first time permission to have it printed, characteristically reversing the conventional deathbed repentance and confession. He, who had abandoned all faith except in his own infallibility, ardently believed in his posthumous fame, which has become a reality. Its slow growth seems to indicate permanence.

It is a curious fact that the two Samuel Butlers—the seventeenth century poet and the nineteenth century novelist—should have held precisely the same attitude toward religious priggery. Neither could endure the organised and dominant church-going Christianity of his epoch. What the Burlesquer said of the Puritans neatly expresses the contempt felt by his namesake.

> A sect whose chief devotion lies
> In odd, perverse antipathies,
> In falling out with that or this
> And finding somewhat still amiss;
> More peevish, cross, and splenetic
> Than dog distract or monkey sick:
> That with more care keep holyday
> The wrong, than others the right way;
> Compound for sins they are inclined to
> By damning those they have no mind to.

And the late W. E. Henley's summary of the first Samuel Butler fits the second almost without the change of a word. I give it verbatim. "He had an abundance of wit of the best and truest sort; he was an indefatigable observer; he knew opinions well, and books even better; he had considered life acutely and severely; as a rhythmist he proceeded from none and has had no successor; his vocabulary is of its kind incomparable; his work is a very hoard of sentences and saws, of vigourous locutions and picturesque col-

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loquialisms, of strong sound sense and robust English."

Bernard Shaw, taking his eye off Brieux for a moment, informed us that he learned more from Butler than from any other writer; a statement easier to believe than some of his affirmations. Unfortunately the disciple is so much above his lord in popular estimation, that we have all been withholding honour where honour is due. After one has read Butler, one sees where many of Shaw's perversities and ironies came from. The foundation of Butler's style is the paradox; moral dynamics are reversed; the unpardonable sin is conventionality. His masterpiece answers no questions; solves no problems; chases away no perplexities. Every reader becomes an interrogation point. Butler rubs our thoughts the wrong way. As axiom after axiom is ruthlessly attacked, we pick over our minds for some missile to throw at him. It is a good thing for every man and woman whose brain happens to be in activity to read this amazingly clever, original, brilliant, diabolical novel. And for those whose brains are in captivity it may smash some fetters. Every one who understands what he reads will take an inventory of his own religious and moral stock.

Butler delighted in the rôle of Advocatus Diaboli: in his *Note-Books* he has the following apology for the Devil. "It must be remembered that we have heard only one side of the case. God has written all the books." Well, He certainly did not write this one; He permitted the Devil to have his hour. The worst misfortune that can happen to any person, says Butler, is to lose his money; the second is to lose his health; and the loss of reputation is a bad third. He seems to have regarded the death of his father as the most fortunate event in his own life; for it made him financially independent. He never quite forgave the old man for hanging on till he was eighty years old. He ridiculed the Bishop of Carlisle for saying that we long to meet our parents in the next world. "Speaking for myself, I have no wish to see my father again, and I think it likely that the Bishop of Carlisle would not be more eager to see his than I mine." Melchisedec "was a really happy man. He was without father, without mother, and without descent. He was an incarnate bachelor. He was a born orphan."

One reason why *The Way of All Flesh* is becoming every year more widely known, is because it happens to be exactly in the literary form most fashionable in fiction at this moment. It is a "life" novel—it is a biography, which of course means that it is very largely an autobiography. Three generations of the hero's family are portrayed with much detail; the plot of the story is simply chronological; the only agreeable woman in the book was a personal friend of the author. Not only are hundreds of facts in the novelist's own life minutely recorded, it is a spiritual autobiography as well. It was his habit—also true of Arnold Bennett—to carry a notebook in his pocket; whenever a thought or fancy occurred to him, immediately to write it down. An immense number of these fatherless ideas are now inwoven in this novel. The result is that the reader literally finds something interesting and often something valuable on every page. The style is so closely packed with thought that it produces constant intellectual delight. This is well; for I can recall no delight of any other kind.

Just as Samuel Butler poured out in *Hudibras* the accumulated bottled venom and hatred of many years, so our novelist has released all the repugnance, the rebellion, the impotent rage of childhood. He had an excellent memory, and seems to have forgiven nothing and forgotten nothing that happened to him in the dependent years of his life. It is an awkward thing to play with souls, and Butler represents the souls of boys treated by their parents and by their school-teachers with astonishing stupidity and blundering brutality. It is a wonderful treatise on the art of how *not* to bring up children; and I should

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think that every mother, father, and teacher would feel some sense of shame and some sense of fear. For a good many years children are in the power of their elders, who so greatly excel them in both physical strength and in cunning; but every child, no matter how dutifully he may kiss the rod, becomes in after years the Judge of his parents and of his teachers. Butler's sympathy with children, whose little bodies and little minds are often in absolute bondage to parents both dull and cruel, is a salient quality in his work. One is appalled when one remembers how often the sensitive soul of a little boy is tortured at home, simply by coarse handling. This championship of children places Butler with Dickens, though I suppose such a remark would have been regarded by Butler as an insult.

I think that the terrific attack on "professing Christians" made in this novel will be of real service to Christianity. Just as men of strong political opinions have largely abandoned the old habit of reading the party paper, and now give their fiercest opponents a hearing, so I think good Christian people will derive much benefit from an attentive perusal of this work. The religion that Butler attacks is the religion of the Scribes and Pharisees, and unless our religion exceeds that, none of us is going to enter the Kingdom of Heaven. The Church needs clever, active antagonists to keep her up to the mark; the principle of Good is toughened by constant contact with the principle of Evil; every minister ought to have in his audience a number of brilliant, determined opponents, who have made up their minds they will believe nothing he says; I have no doubt that God needs the Devil.

Thus, although I firmly believe this is a diabolical novel, I think it will prove to be of service to Christianity. I know it has done me good. I cannot forget Butler's remark about all those church-goers who would be equally shocked if anyone doubted Christianity or if anyone practised it.

Butler's attitude toward everything except Händel and himself was ironical; he delighted in ridiculing any generally accepted tenet in politics, science, art, and religion. This was often done behind a mask of grave, candid enquiry, in the manner of Swift. Even his personal appearance was ironical, for although he could truthfully have said "I have fought the good faith," he looked like a devout and rather ignorant evangelical parson.*

Butler's most famous disciple, Mr. Shaw, would be a novelist of high distinction were it not for the fact that, like Mr. Barrie, he has achieved greater renown in another field. Yet *Cashel Byron's Profession* is just as good a novel in 1916 as it was in the eighties, when it was written; and we all know the enthusiasm it awakened in Stevenson, who read it when its author's name had no significance. In sheer literary excellence Shaw's later and more famous works do not surpass this book; and it possesses one quality absent in all the plays, both pleasant and unpleasant; it has an irresistible charm. Like many pacificists, Shaw is not greatly shocked at prize-fighting; the way of the world, of course, is to regard professional boxing as brutal, and war as noble and sublime, even "holy."

II

Although, with the exception of Thomas Hardy, there is no titanic figure among British novelists of the present moment, the number of professional novelists of high standing is nothing less than remarkable. I wonder at the diffusion of talent. I think I could name twenty-five English writers of the twentieth century whose novels have dignity and distinction, who are reliable—who can be depended on to produce something worth reading. A large company of literary experts have mastered the art of fiction, and while they do not always give us a good story, or construct a good

*The preceding remarks on Butler are taken by kind permission of E. P. Dutton and Company, from my Introduction to their American edition of *The Way of All Flesh*, published in 1916.

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plot, the proportion of success in their rapid production is high, and even the less notable part of their work is free from anything shoddy. An epitome of the general level of excellence, a fine representative of the whole school, is seen in Eden Phillpotts, of Devonshire. Without a single flash of genius, and with a pseudo-scientific creed that is irritating, Mr. Phillpotts writes three or four novels a year, every one of which has value—and, what is particularly surprising, every one seems deeply thought out, carefully wrought, full of meat. It ought to take him three years to write any one of these books, instead of three months, which is all the time he can apparently spare. Like his master, Thomas Hardy, he is a good deal of a pagan, though not altogether a pessimist; and like his master, he has a deep, genuine vein of humour, which brightens his darkest tragedies, and constitutes the chief element in his most charming story, *Widecombe Fair*. Just as in some of his novels, a tor, a river, or a moor is one of the chief characters, in this book the leading actor is the village. There is no hero or heroine; we follow the fortunes of a group, and the author's studies of Dartmoor end on a chord of pure comedy. One should read his preface to *Widecombe Fair,* and follow his advice. He salutes here the finished work of twenty years, answers his critics, and insists on his undoubted right to be judged by all the Dartmoor books taken together, rather than by any one. In the work of twenty years he has tried to express his creed of affirmation in life, which he thinks chokes pessimism; if pessimism be mere acquiescence, it could indeed not breathe on those heights. But the affirmation itself in these novels means tragedy, and a final tragic answer to life is not entirely removed from pessimism.

Mr. Phillpotts is at his best when he stays in his corner, both in time and space; his least successful books are *The Lovers*—a historical romance, which seems to be directly aimed at an American audience, and *The Joy of Youth,* which skips blithely to Italy. Both these stories were published in 1913. His solid qualities as a novelist shine most conspicuously in *The Secret Woman* (1905), *The Portreeve* (1906), *The Three Brothers* and *The Haven* (both 1909), and *The Thief of Virtue* (1910). I think *The Three Brothers* is his best novel, and the one that shows most brilliantly his powers of characterisation.

Although he bade farewell to Dartmoor in 1913, he did not travel very far from his beloved country in *Brunel's Tower* (1915), a novel full of vitality. The protagonist is a pottery, whose centripetal power draws in all the characters, yes, and the reader, too; for we become as interested in the place as any of the workmen. The specific problem of the story is the struggle between evil antecedents and dog-like affection to a patron; this struggle takes place in the soul of an altogether charming boy. The conflict is in doubt until almost the last page, when the victory is won at the highest possible price.

Like Rudyard Kipling, Mr. Phillpotts was born in India and educated in Devon. Perhaps his ardent love for the mists of the moors has been strengthened by the intolerable sunshine of the land of his birth.

No man takes his art more seriously than he; no man believes more profoundly in the dignity of the novel. When we remember that both Jane Austen and Henry James assumed a defensive attitude, the advance of the novel in the twentieth century is conspicuously shown by what Mr. Phillpotts wrote for the New York *Times,* August 22, 1915: "The art of the novel embraces every sort of mental interest. . . . Among those who regard novel writing as man's work, and the noblest of arts—among those of fine natural endowment who approach it with sincerity and their full strength—shall be found the best writers of the English language at present living. It is not too much to say that contemporaries have written some of the best novels in our tongue, but to

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state this is not to disparage the pioneer masters. Fielding and Richardson had a different field to play upon, and the art has developed so enormously, the models from other nations have worked such wonders, that the novel as written in England and America now challenges the finest intellects and greatest artists of the time. The very fire of life glows in this art, and its possibilities are beyond all prediction, for fiction is the greatest education force in the modern world."

III

The Zola type of experimental novel has never been popular in England, as it has in France, Germany, Italy, Sweden, and Russia; it is bunkered by the English conscience. Although France and England are separated by only twenty miles of salt-water, their traditional attitudes toward art are as different as though the two countries were on separate planets. Just why such intimate neighbours should show so tremendous a parallax in their view of art may be left to some one else to explain; the fact is clear enough, when we remember that Guy de Maupassant read all his manuscripts to his mother, and that Alphonse Daudet thought *Sapho* a good book for his son. The foremost living representative of the experimental novel in England is George Moore, who is not English at all, but an Irishman with a French education, like Oscar Wilde. George Moore is a true disciple of Zola; he takes realistic art very seriously, and solemnly announces that his chief recreation is religion. Wordsworth's *Prelude* seems scanty, when we remember that George Moore has written the history of his own life in five volumes; and although the latest one is called *Vale,* it may be so only in a Pattian sense. Not one of these autobiographies is as truthful as *Esther Waters* or *Evelyn Innes;* conversations with distinguished people are reported at great length and with much detail, conversations that never may have happened. And while Mr. Moore insists in telling us all about his amours, the facts in every case may be reasonably doubted. All of these pages of alleged biographical sensuality are really senile—it is like a weak old man licking his lips.

Some one has said that George Moore has never recovered from his surprise at having written a really good book—*Esther Waters,* which appeared in the memorable year of 1894. Previously, he had produced a number of expérimental novels, that were perhaps more experiments than novels. I refer to *A Modern Lover* (1883), *A Mummer's Wife* (1884), *Spring Days* (1888), *Mike Fletcher* (1889). These books all show a certain artistic sincerity, a strenuous simplicity of style, without any real power of characterisation; they would not have attracted any attention at all, were it not for their lubricity. No one seemed to admire the author, or to take him seriously. All he had acquired was notoriety, "the bastard sister of reputation;" and his notoriety was of a decidedly unsavoury kind. Then, with the appearance of *Esther Waters,* he conquered his public, both in England and America. By the irony of fate, the book was widely advertised as a moral tract; many thousand copies of a cheap edition were circulated with a horrible cover design; with a loud label to the effect that this novel was the "Uncle Tom's Cabin of the White Slaves." Knowing George Moore's ideas as we do, this perversity of advertising puffery had a humour all its own. One might more easily imagine the late Thomas Huxley as a Gospel evangelist.

The extraordinary merit of *Esther Waters* was immediately recognised by good judges. Like Pamela, Esther is a housemaid, who passes through various adventures, retaining the interest, the sympathy, and the admiration of the reader. It is a masterpiece in the experimental school; there are no comments, no doctrines, no teachings; and there is nothing superfluous. I marvel at the economy of design, at the economy of language; it seems as if there were not a superfluous word in the book.

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Without once raising his voice, Mr. Moore holds our closest attention from first page to last. For one cannot read this work of fiction without believing that everything in it is the living truth. If one wishes to know the difference between realistic art and sensational daubing, one has merely to read the account of Derby Day in *Esther Waters* and then compare it with the rhetorical version in *The Christian,* by Hall Caine. Although I have never seen the Derby, I experienced all the pleasures of recognition in George Moore's account of it.

Even if not intended by the author, *Esther Waters* has a nobly ethical tone; the tone of sincerity and truth. No one can read it without admiration for its author's skill, or without feeling a moral stimulation.

This extraordinary novel was a turning-point in the author's career. While he has not written anything since of quite equal value, the difference between the novels that came after *Esther Waters* and those that preceded it is the difference between an intellectually robust man and a morbid boy. The three novels, *Evelyn Innes* (1898), the sequel, *Sister Teresa* (1901), and *The Lake* (1905), are all notable works of art; all emphatically worth reading and rereading. I can see how some critics might regard *The Lake* as his best work; it has a subdued, a restrained power, that takes a permanent hold of the memory. The discussions of music in *Evelyn Innes* are immensely interesting to the amateur; and inasmuch as Evelyn was a prima donna, I felt high curiosity in asking the late Madame Nordica what she thought of the book. She had nothing but contempt for it, saying that the remarks on music were of no value whatever, and that they revealed appalling ignorance. Then I asked a distinguished opera composer, and he said that the musical knowledge displayed was very remarkable, and that the discussions of music were valuable and interesting.

For my part, having no right to an opinion on the merits of this question, the wonderful *Vorspiel* to *Lohengrin* has taken on a new significance for me after reading the conversation about it between Evelyn and the nun.

George Moore's short stories are like a grey day in Ireland. One of those in *Celibates* was written apparently under the influence of Russian naturalism.

IV

Twenty years ago, while doing some reviewing for a New York journal, I received a package of new novels. The title of one of them caught my fancy, though I had never heard of the author. It was *The Wheels of Chance,* by H. G. Wells. He had been a maker of books less than a twelvemonth, though prophetically prolific, having published four separate volumes the first year of his career, 1895. It may be a damaging admission, but while I have a high respect for the ability of Mr. Wells, I have never enjoyed reading any one of his novels so much as I enjoyed *The Wheels of Chance.* One may roar with laughter at *Bealby* (1915), but there is no more delicacy in its humour than in a farce-film; whereas *The Wheels of Chance,* describing the bicycle adventures of Mr. Hoopdriver, the dry-goods clerk, has something of the combined mirth, pathos, and tenderness of Don Quixote. There is not a hint in this little book of Wells the Socialist, Wells the Reformer, Wells the Futurist, Wells the Philosopher—there is only Wells the artist, whom I admire more than I do the sociological preacher.

I am quite willing to admit that it is the more pretentious Wells who has become the world-figure, for a world-figure he undoubtedly is. Before the great war, his books were in the window of every important book-shop in Germany, where he was studied rather than read. French and Russian translations poured from the press year after year. And yet I am not at all sure that he has made any real contribution to modern thought, whereas he has made a distinct contribution to modern literary art. He writes books faster than anyone can read them;

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faster than any one publisher can produce them, as may be seen by a reference to his bibliography. Yet as a rule his work is neither shallow nor trivial.

In one respect he has never fulfilled the promise of *The Wheels of Chance*. There was a touch of spirituality in that playful comedy, a flash that has since been altogether obscured by the cloudy sky of materialism. It seems unfortunate that when Mr. Wells has so many gifts, so much talent, he has not the little more, and how much it is! He is a man of prose, downright, hard-headed, matter-of-fact. One could hardly expect him to write like Nathaniel Hawthorne, but it is a pity that he should be as far removed from Hawthorne as a railway time-table. How is it possible for a man to have so much humour and be so limited? Yet that kind comes only by prayer and fasting, words that have no meaning for Mr. Wells.

Many of his stories are like a dusty road, as Scott's are like a thick forest. We reach certain elevations and see ahead of us nothing but the long brown way, in the pitiless glare of the sun. That was my feeling all through *Ann Veronica*. I liked *Marriage* much better, though the wilderness-cure was a large order. I liked *The Wife of Sir Isaac Harman* better yet, for it contains an admirable commingling of the two authors living in the brain of Mr. Wells, the author of *The Wheels of Chance, Kipps,* and *Bealby*—and the man who wrote *Ann Veronica* and *Marriage*. For he is a dual personality, as his friend Arnold Bennett is—what a difference between the serious and the trivial Bennett!

The wife of Sir Isaac is a lovely woman, full of charm. She married the impossible Isaac because she could not be sufficiently disobliging to cause him the annoyance or even the inconvenience of a refusal. This marriage turned out altogether bad, worse than her soft heart's imaginings. Death released her; in the first sweets of freedom appears the "damned literary man," who, in contrast to Sir Isaac, seemed at first to bear healing in his wings. But closer inspection reveals this secretary-bird to be a goose, with the futile gabble and peevish disposition of the goose. The comedy of the last scene is wholly delightful. The shy, gentle woman, wearing the colour of freedom—black—shyly, gently, but decisively refuses him in the garden. Like a spoiled child who has been refused a toy, like the hero of a French novel who has been deprived of his mistress, the man of letters rushes away down the rainy garden path, crying, weeping, sobbing, roaring out his woe to the circumambient air. This is too much for the soft-hearted Mrs. Harman; she cannot bear to behold such suffering. Faint, yet pursuing, she reaches the breathless hero, and we leave her as she enters slavery a second time. Perhaps, had she been more resolute, more wise—perhaps we should not love her so much.

V

If the English have no sense of humour, their writers must furnish the exceptions that prove the rule. I can think of no living English novelist of distinction who is not a humourist, and of only one among the dead—Samuel Richardson. Hardy, De Morgan, Bennett, Wells, Phillpotts, Ollivant, Chesterton, Hutchinson, Lucas, Hawkins, Beerbohm, Hay, Merrick, Elinor Mordaunt, Mackenzie—they are all humourists, each in his own degree and with his own special flavour. Nor would it be possible to deny the title altogether to John Galsworthy.

Among contemporary men of letters, one of the best-beloved is William John Locke, who has made large additions to the gaiety of nations, and who is trying to justify two-thirds of his name by a considerable amount of original and sound philosophy. This man took the steep and thorny road to the heaven of literary fame, by graduating mathematical tripos at St. John's College, Cambridge. There is no doubt that a large proportion of successful novelists and dramatists have exhibited high talent in the study of mathematics. The con-

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structive ability, the skill in original problems, very often bears fruit later in original literary work. The most conspicuous example at present is Thomas Hardy, whose professional training as an architect appears in every one of his novels, giving them a solidity and beauty of construction entirely beyond the range of all his living contemporaries. There cannot be the slightest doubt that Mr. Locke's honours in mathematics and his successful professional work as an architect have been of immense service in his brilliant career as a novelist.

Mr. Locke has exactly what Mr. Wells has not—the power to make his readers love him. We all admire the enormous industry and the mental vigour of H. G. Wells—we admire these qualities without feeling any affection for the author; he is a high-power machine-gun in modern fiction, making Hawthorne look like a muzzle-loading musket. But we feel no more love for him than for a load of bricks. In all the novels of W. J. Locke there is pervading warmth of heart. In *Septimus* (1909), his most humourous book, he has, by sheer capacity for affection, made two heroes out of the most unpromising material. Sypher is a vulgar, blatant patent-medicine advertiser; he bears the same relation to a gentleman that a steam calliope bears to a violin. Septimus is a harmless nincompoop, about as aggressive as a wounded rabbit. Yet, by "God's passionless reformers, influences," both these men are transformed into true heroes, and when we take leave of them, we stand uncovered.

This novel *Septimus* is one of the funniest books of the twentieth century. It is the only novel of this century that I have been unable to read to myself in the presence of strangers. As a rule, no matter how comic the situations may be in the book you hold in your hand, if it be a public place, your countenance betrays nothing of the roaring mirth in your brain; you are enjoying every word with no demonstrations. I attempted to read *Septimus* on the train, and came near to being ejected. The sudden surprises of the humour were so great that I vented prodigious cachinnations, which shocked me as much as they did the passengers. I can see those passengers, now, turning around, craning their necks, looking with raised eyebrows at their insane associate. The hours Septimus selected for his meals, his method of servant annunciation, his scheme for avoiding railway accidents—no one has any right to be so funny!

There is a remarkable progression in Mr. Locke's most famous novels—a distinct progression from paganism to Christianity. Although he had published a number of books in the nineteenth century, he attracted not much attention until 1905, when *The Morals of Marcus Ordeyne* appeared. Personally I cared little for this story—the return of Eve is *vieux jeu,* although the author has tried it once more in *Jaffery* (1915). But it was unmistakably the work of a literary expert, almost dazzlingly brilliant. It was also pagan, no hint of a Christian point of view. It was followed the next year by what many regard as his masterpiece, *The Beloved Vagabond*—delightful, charming, witty—with no indication of a moral basis, the ethics being as footloose as the hero. Three years passed, and in *Septimus* the central Christian idea of sacrifice was the foundation of the plot. Then came *Simon the Jester,* a story analogous to Browning's *Light Woman,* which, to be sure, Mr. Hornung had already taken in *No Hero.* This novel is illumined with deep religious feeling, and as if to leave no doubt on the subject, Mr. Locke gave us later his sincere and beautiful *Three Wise Men.*

In *The Glory of Clementina Wing* (1911) we have again Mr. Locke the ethical philosopher. His later books are essays of a rather different nature, and are not nearly so successful; the *Fortunate Youth* is a rather pointless extravaganza, and while *Jaffery* is an immense improvement, it cannot compare in beauty and charm with *The Beloved Vagabond* or *Septimus.*

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VI

Mr. Alfred Ollivant in 1898 produced the best dog story ever written—*Bob, Son of Battle,* a story distinctly superior to *Rab,* to *The Bar Sinister,* and to *The Call of the Wild.* It has already become a classic, although it has a thousand readers in America to a dozen in England. There is not a town of any size in the United States that does not contain ardent lovers of this powerful and beautiful novel; yet it is very rare that one meets an Englishman who has even heard of it. I have never met one, though I have asked the question many times; and it was refreshing when I enquired of the Scot, J. M. Barrie, if he knew *Owd Bob,* to hear him say, "Well, rather!"

Since the appearance of *Romola,* moral decay has been a favourite study of English novelists; and although we know what Ruskin thought of the *Decline and Fall,* we do not care. For we know well enough the ethical value of the study of decadence, whether the patient be a nation or an individual. Browning, with all his hearty faith, did not hesitate to study the decay of love; and one of the most brilliant presentations of this common phenomenon appears in an extremely clever work of fiction published in 1891 by Mrs. W. K. Clifford, *Love Letters of a Worldly Woman;* which has for its text, a citation from *One Word More*—"Wherefore? Heaven's gift takes earth's abatement." This book follows Richardson's example in everything but length, being cast in the form of letters. There is a delicate psychological analysis here that one cannot read without intellectual delight. Mrs. Clifford has produced many works since then, and I hope she will write many more. But she has never done anything quite equal in artistic precision to that tiny, early masterpiece.

Another brilliant study of the decay of love is seen in a remarkable novel by Compton Mackenzie, *Guy and Pauline* (1915). For sheer excellence of style, this is the best book Mr. Mackenzie has written.

Miss Cholmondeley, with her sombre talent, ought to write something in this vein better than she has thus far succeeded in accomplishing. While reading *Red Pottage* and especially *Prisoners,* I am conscious of a tremendous latent power that does not reach the printed page. Is her difficulty merely one of articulation?

Two brilliant studies of moral decay in the individual may be seen in two recent novels: I refer to *In Cotton Wool* (1912), by W. B. Maxwell, and to *Tributaries* (1914), (American title, *The House of Deceit*), by an English author who wishes to remain anonymous. *In Cotton Wool* has a sloping descent that makes the first chapter and the last as different as the Lilliputians and the Yahoos; its purpose is purely ethical, its art absolutely sincere. The line of least resistance leads to hell. In *Tributaries,* we have another melancholy but ethically valuable picture of slow and subtle moral deterioration. The hero's course is not straight down, but in spirals; he rises a little after each relapse, only to sink deeper on the next slide, and eventually to become an incurable case—a lost soul.

The level of the work of Leonard Merrick is high, but it would have been better for his fame had he written ten worthless books and one masterpiece. He is a novelist of real distinction, incapable of producing sensational, cheap, superficial, or stodgy books. The oft-quoted bull exactly fits his work: although he seldom rises above his average, he never falls below it. Any one of his novels may be safely recommended to beguile the tedium of a railway journey; railway travel is generally as disagreeable as an operation, and one should always take an anæsthetic. With a good novel, the patient reaches his destination unaware of the jolts and stops that punctuate progress.

There is a shocking sincerity in the work of H. H. Bashford that ought to carry him far on the road toward permanent fame. In *The Pilgrim March,* we have scenes that find their only coun-

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terpart in *Fanny's First Play*. In a more powerful, and much more disagreeable story, *Pity the Poor Blind,* we have a picture of life in an English country house that I ardently hope is untrue. The study of the self-deceived clergyman converted by a perfectly rudimentary and perfectly healthy female, is not easy to forget. Perhaps the most original character in the story is the little sister. In the course of my adventures in fiction, I have met many limbs of Satan, in the complete disguise of innocent girlhood. Yet never anything to compare with this creature. She is not an *enfant terrible;* she is a child of hell.

Delightful it is to turn from the sulphurous laughter of Mr. Bashford to the wholesome out-door heartiness of Mr. A. S. M. Hutchinson. In *The Happy Warrior* (1912), he created the most irresistibly winsome boy that I have ever met, in or out of books—"did you say Getap?" Like Mercutio, he was too good to last—the author had to kill him. Yet the death of Mercutio is a vital factor in the plot of Shakespeare's tragedy, whereas there was no necessity for the death of our young warrior. In *A Clean Heart* (1914), we have the very extremes of emotion. No one whose nerves are askew should read the first third of the book; it is a terrible picture of mental obsession becoming madness. I thought I was going to lose my mind. The scene changes from the horror of insanity to such outrageous mirth, horseplay, buffoonery, that one forgets approaching madness and holds one's sides in a veritable agony of laughter. The egoist learns Christianity first from a roaring drunkard and then from an ignorant girl; learns the truth only by the sacrifice of two persons infinitely more valuable than he. This is a deeply religious book; illustrating with striking power the scriptural text that supplies the title. Mr. Hutchinson bids fair to be a vital force in modern fiction.

Mr. St. John Ervine, the Irish dramatist, published in 1914 a sombre and depressing novel called *Mrs. Martin's Man*—not by any means a wholly successful book, but truly original, quite out of the ordinary and conventional rut. His next story, *Alice and a Family,* is one of the most charming, enliveningly humourous character-sketches of our time. The dialogue has a steady brilliance that is astonishing; no lapses from beginning to end. It is a story of the London slums exactly as *The Rosie World* is a story of the New York slums. And the resemblance is carried much farther, for in each instance it is a little girl who pulls the strings. If each family in the world had either a Rosie or an Alice, the millennium would materialise.

The outline of the next and last instalment of Professor Phelps's "Advance of the English Novel" is as follows: Some leading contemporary Americans—The old guard still supreme—Losses by death and depreciation—James Lane Allen—Charles D. Stewart—H. K. Viele—Henry Harland—Owen Wister—Winston Churchill—Art and politics—Booth Tarkington and the Indiana group—Jack London—Robert Herrick—H. S. Harrison—Gertrude Atherton—Mary Wilkins—Edith Wharton—Anna Sedgwick—Dorothy Canfield.

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SOME NOVELS OF THE MONTH*

BY H. W. BOYNTON

IF WE were looking for an illustration of the difference between romance as a formula and romance as a living and responsive thing, we might very well take Mr. Masefield's *Captain Margaret,* on the one hand, and *The Immortal Gymnasts,* by Marie Cher, or *Green Mansions,* by W. H. Hudson, on the other. As the chronicler of the Bye-Street Mr. Masefield has given us some pretty grim moments, and as a poet of the sea some thrillingly emotional ones. *Captain Margaret* gives neither: it merely tickles with a straw. It is nothing better than a romantic "thriller" in the conventional sense. On internal evidence (for the publishers give us no inkling one way or the other) I take this to be an early experiment toward the popular thing, which is now reprinted for American consumption. Masefield's name may carry it into many hands, but no admirer of his will read it without disappointment. There is a sincere romance as well as a sincere realism; but this tale is a mere concoction by rule, a cheap form of "dope," for which, experience has shown, there is always something of a market. The only thing that distinguishes this yarn from a thousand others is a certain not very pleasing mannerism. Otherwise we have the old materials, Beauty and the Beast, pirates, tempests, mutiny, barrels of rum and buckets of blood, South Sea islands, the Spanish Main, set coincidences and determined misunderstandings,—and the final elimination of the Beast and emergence of the Prince, greatly to the satisfaction of Beauty and everybody else. These materials are imperishable, but a rare hand and touch are needed to rescue them from staleness and give them the fresh beauty of a high illusion—such as the human heart, at times, will always rightly hanker for.

Such an illusion is afforded by *The Immortal Gymnasts,* a story of uncommon originality and grace. The writer, we learn, was born and brought up in New York, but in recent years has lived in London and Paris. Her work is evidently the product of all sorts of advantages, social and, in a wide sense, educational, but it is the product also of a personality which has been truly nourished upon such advantages. The sophisticated manner is too often languid or niggling. This writer's style has a Gallic clarity as well as a Gallic elegance, and her theme has to do not with the minor and pallid complexities of life among Henry James's "better sort," but with the elemental and lusty emotions which control or go far toward controlling all sorts. Indeed, the central idea in the book is that we cannot afford to educate ourselves away from the influence of those primal emotions—from romance. Reduced to bare terms, the action is very slight; in its conduct and atmosphere lies the charm of the story. There are two groups of personæ—a group of six, who are of the British "better sort," and a group of three who are, in two senses, of another order. In the first group are Sir Ambry Nunholme, Varian Edmonton, and Varian's mother, Gita; two sisters, Anie and Estelle, and

*Captain Margaret. By John Masefield. New York: The Macmillan Company.
The Immortal Gymnasts. By Marie Cher. New York: George H. Doran Company.
Green Mansions. By W. H. Hudson. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.
Bridge of Desire. By Warwick Deeping. New York: Robert M. McBride and Company.
The Duel. By A. Kuprin. New York: The Macmillan Company.
Children of Hope. By Stephen Whitman. New York: The Century Company.
The Seed of the Righteous. By Juliet Wilbor Tompkins. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.
The Spinster. By Sarah N. Cleghorn. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

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their mother, Lady Cassock. Sir Ambry and Varian are university-made friends, not long down from Oxford. Varian has inherited his mother's delicacy of mind and heart. Sir Ambry is of the big, handsome, selfish type, a master of women, an amourist of the coarser kind. He has fascinated little Anie, who is all youth and sweetness and quivering emotion. They have entered upon a secret though technically innocent love affair. It is of only a few weeks' standing when, as the story proper opens, Sir Ambry wearies of his clinging child and wishes to be rid of her. But he lacks courage, and appeals to Varian for help. Varian, frankly despising him, consents for Anie's sake. He has known her as a little girl, and has a tenderness for her which now quickly ripens into love. Sir Ambry meantime finds his match in Anie's sister Estelle, is unable to put her off with mere philandering, and in the end becomes her more or less contented slave, while gentle Anie turns to Varian as her rightful mate. A simple story, but interwoven with it, controlling it in a way, is an idyll involving three strange dwellers in London—Quin, the sandwich man; Bina, the pretty woman who keeps a butter and egg shop, and old Panta, her father, the handy man,—reincarnations of the "immortal gymnasts" of Italian comedy, Harlequin, Columbine, and Pantaloon. They are simple-hearted, subtle-minded folk, conscious of their past, aware, not altogether unhappily, that mortal or "cubical" life is enclosing their divinity, but still retaining their faith in romance and something of their old magic power over mortals. From them flows that current of pure and simple feeling which sets all straight among the sophisticated humans of the foreground, while for themselves Harlequin and Columbine are enabled for the first time to embody their age-long idyl in terms of simple domestic happiness. The author has, it will be seen, set herself a very delicate task, and has carried it through with extraordinary grace and spontaneity.

Another romance of unusual quality is the *Green Mansions* of W. H. Hudson. Few Americans are likely to have heard of this writer. There is not very much to be learned about him. *Who's Who* does not date him or place him, or even interpret his initials—gives nothing but a list of his works. His publishers have evidently tried to pump him, and can only report that he says he has had no career: "All the interesting part of my life ended when I ceased to be a boy, and my autobiography ends at fifteen." Yet the very titles of his early books, *Argentine Ornithology, The Naturalist in La Plata, Idle Days in Patagonia,* argue something beyond the humdrum level of experience, and *Green Mansions* is an embodiment of exotic romance. Mr. Galsworthy, in his long and (I must think) rather extravagant Foreword does not clear up any matters of fact. *The Country House* was dedicated to W. H. Hudson, and it seems that Mr. Galsworthy has admired him and in a way depended upon him for a long time. "Of all living authors," he declares, "I could least dispense with W. H. Hudson. Why do I love his writing so? I think because he is, of living writers that I have read, the rarest spirit, and has the clearest gift of conveying to me the nature of that spirit. . . . He is, of course, a distinguished naturalist, probably the most acute, broad-minded, and understanding observer of nature living. . . . But that is a mere fraction of his value and interest. . . . His real eminence and extraordinary attraction lie in his spirit and philosophy. We feel from his writings that he is nearer to nature than other men, and yet more truly civilised. The competitive, towny culture, the queer up-to-date commercial knowingness with which we are so busy coating ourselves, simply will not stick to him."

Well, this sounds pretty familiar; prophets of the simple life and the Return to Nature we have always with us. But as Mr. Galsworthy leads us on we see that we have to deal with something more than a prophet. "As a simple narrator he is well-nigh unsurpassed; as a

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stylist he has few, if any, living equals." After all this thundering in the index we approach the story with eagerness, and find something very good, if less overwhelming than the showman has led us to expect. The style, for example, if, as Mr. Galsworthy says, it does not smell of the lamp, certainly smells of the library. It has a quaint formality, a flavour of Defoe or of Cooper. Here is a sentence taken at random: "Strange as the voice without a body was, and always productive of a slightly uncomfortable feeling on account of its mystery, it seemed impossible to doubt that it came to me now in a spirit of pure friendliness; and when I had recovered my composure I found a new delight in listening to it—all the greater because of the fear so lately experienced, and of its seeming intelligence." It is clear that the reader must be tolerant of an older art than that of "O. Henry" to enjoy a story done in this manner. But indeed there is a great deal of charm about it, and if we do not quite see, on this much evidence, how Mr. Galsworthy can adjudge the author as "a very great writer and . . . the most valuable our age possesses," we cannot do better than accept his summary of the book: "Without ever departing from its quality of a tale, it symbolises the yearning of the human soul for the attainment of perfect love and beauty in this life—that impossible perfection which we must all learn to see fall from its high tree and be consumed in the flames, as was Rima, the bird-girl, but whose fine white ashes we gather that they may be mingled at last with our own, when we, too, have been refined by the fire of death's resignation."

Warwick Deeping, whom we have known hitherto as the author of a number of mediæval romances of the swashbuckling kind, here turns his mind and hand to a modern domestic problem, with very respectable results. *Bridge of Desire* (issued in England as *Unrest*) is the story of a phase in the life of a successful young playwright. When the present action opens, he has been married for some years to a woman of exceptional charm and character. They are childless, but her sympathy and intelligence and his own good sense and warm feeling have made their union uncommonly close. However, the moment comes when she bores him, when she not only ceases to be his inspiration, but becomes a burden. In short (according to the author's thesis) the man needs a change, a new experience, a violent shaking-down, in order to set him right with the world and his marriage and his work. Enter at this moment a brilliant and unscrupulous American widow, who, somewhat too easily, lures him away from the dazed and suffering wife. An elopement follows. The husband, cursing himself for a cad, conducts himself as caddishly as possible. He simply disappears with the siren, leaving no word of any sort. Now the young wife knows what has happened, but, wise beyond her kind, does not exaggerate it. She believes that her husband's heart is really hers, and that he is under a sort of obsession which is sure to pass. She therefore gives out that he has gone journeying for his health, and with the aid of one or two old friends fairly outfaces matters till the husband does in fact wake from his false dream of passion, and return to his true mate. The situation is old enough; the "idea" in the story is that this experience is, on the whole, normal and medicinal for all persons concerned. Indeed, the author is so much afraid we may miss the post-Victorian point that he rubs it in repeatedly in his own personal voice. He has all of the contemporary British novelist's horror of convention and respectability.

"Man, it's your second youth," says the widow, "the real big man in you kicking over tables and throwing inkpots against the wall. It's just raging round for the real thing—life, the desert, and the sea, and the top of the world."

But the real thing the big man achieves is a shabby loitering about the Continent with a vulgar woman,—or, according to the author, the discovery

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that he is a fool: "Superfluous vitality—that was part of his trouble; one of those periods of rejuvenescence that trick even the strong man once or twice in his career. He becomes the boy again; it is his fate to teach himself that the apples beyond the wall are not sweeter than those he can pick in his own garden. Nine times out of ten he has to learn that the forbidden fruit will set his teeth on edge." Well, our successful young playwright learns that; unluckily we are not quite sure, as we leave him, that we have been assisting at the predestined and fruitful folly of a strong man, and not at the feeble indulgence of a brilliant fellow with a "yellow streak."

The young Russian of *The Duel* is a more firmly drawn character, although, at first sight, a less responsible person. This sub-lieutenant is a boyish egotist and sentimentalist, with rosy fancies of a future in which the world will pay him his due, but at present submerged in the petty round of life in a provincial garrison. He is an ass but not a cad; and it does not occur to his author to represent him as fulfilling his nature by stepping out of it. For his sentimentalism rises at times very nearly to the level of idealism. If we feel in the end that he is hardly less a victim of circumstance than the usual hero of Russian fiction, that is only true in an outward sense. In his own awkward and ineffective way he remains captain of his soul. And we are sure that he has a soul to be captain of. In contact with Slavic literature we have so often felt depressed by the insistent muddle of things—of character as well as action. We have felt as if we were being thrown with some superior race of monkeys, immensely clever, amazingly apt in their imitations of human conduct, but always betraying themselves sooner or later by some frankly arboreal demonstration. This writer, till now unavailable for English readers, impresses us with his close kinship in feeling and in humour with ourselves. He is unsparing enough; not the grimmest naturalist of them all, for example, has outdone his description of the drinking-bout, with its interlude of a riot in a brothel. But these matters are after all kept in their places. Kuprin does not gloat over them in the hopeless way of the man who is daunted by his facts, nor does he hand them to us with a sighing admission that, as far as he knows, they are as valuable as anything else in life. He does not moralise them at all. The quality which keeps the balance is nothing more or less than that humour which every race secretly believes to be its own personal property. With this writer we do not have to be groping about, making the best of a suspicion that there is probably a joke somewhere, if we could only get at it. His idiom is much like our own, he is a kinsman of Barrie, let us say, and has here written an account, in terms of Russian circumstance, of another Sentimental Tommy. At the close of the action, a deeper note of irony is struck. Poor blundering lovable Romashov comes to his end as the victim of a designing woman who loves him in a way, but loves her ambitious plans better. Still, we do not feel that he is written down a failure, though we may well feel that with his nature and the petty promise of the years, he is well out of it all. Shurochka, the woman, is a figure of haunting feminine reality.

The author of *Children of Hope* is an extremely careful workman, the reader will be sure of that, but may not be equally sure whether it is the best or the worst that can be said for him. His present novel has rather too much the effect of an enterprise soberly undertaken and conscientiously carried through. In manner it is precise, considered, and alas, "literary." In matter it is an elaborate structure built of somewhat incongruous materials. The initial situation is hardly more than farcical, and farce continually thrusts its grinning mask through the fabric of enlightened comedy, which appears to be the writer's chief object. Aurelius Goodchild, of Zenasville, Ohio, is a dreamer who has spent his life pursuing a succession of

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pots of gold at the bottom of an infinite series of rainbows. His mind is a repository of useless though glittering odds and ends; he is always about to make a fortune for himself and the three attractive daughters who comfort his widowerhood. But they have reached their twenties, always on the verge of actual want, when a relative leaves Aurelius a legacy of a hundred thousand dollars. The Goodchilds at once borrow five thousand on their prospects and set out for Europe. The action which follows is a compound of romance, culture, and farce, involving a large number of persons, many of whom would be effective as stage "character parts." Only two or three of them stand out as genuine characterisations. Old Aurelius remains a figure of broad fun to the end, and his personal conduct and bearing are absurd to the point of caricature. The three girls, who have been named for the Graces, may be taken as more serious satirical embodiments of the raw American maiden abroad. Aggie aspires to be an opera-queen, and ruins what voice she has through a stubborn preference of her own opinion as against that of persons who know. Frossie intends to be a George Eliot, until it occurs to her that being a Turgenieff is better worth her while. Thallie means to be a great painter, and when she finds that she cannot draw, takes refuge in Post-Impressionism. Aggie, the selfish one, marries an amiable but aimless young Englishman because she thinks she can make an ambassador of him; and ends as wife of the Vice-Consul at Kobe. Frossie is betrothed to a young Italian officer, who loses his life during an aviation test. Thallie, after a calf-love episode with a handsome youth, lands the paragon of the book, middle-aged John Holland, who is understood to be a great historian. The two persons who stand forth as human and memorable figures are Bertha Linkow, the big, warm-hearted German singer, and Camillo Olivuzzi, the hapless young aviator—a really noble youth. Honourable mention may be given to Nella Tesore, the "Metropolitan Star," who has an adventuress part, and not very plausibly makes off with five thousand of the famous legacy. Indeed, that hundred thousand has by various legal and other visitation been reduced more than half before Aurelius returns to Zenasville and collaborates with President Wilson in fitly observing the national day of Thanksgiving. The book represents much cleverness and much labour, but I for one have laid it down with the reluctant admission that it is not a thing of life, but an article made out of whole cloth.

The Seed of the Righteous is an excellent short novel by an accomplished and sincere expositor of domestic romance. In a field where flabby sentimentalism seems to disport itself so safely, it is a notable thing to achieve a sane and fruitful sentiment. The idea of the story is very good. On a chance oasis in a side street of New York stands a statue to "Sereno Gage, the friend of children. Erected in loving memory by the children of the United States." On the same street live Sereno Gage's widow and three grown-up children. They have very little to live on. The son, Ralston, is a self-confessed genius who must be humoured and supported somehow for the sake of the play which is to be the corner-stone of the family fortunes. Meanwhile he contributes himself and his small son to the household. The older daughter, Sabra, is a handsome and shallowly ambitious girl, with very little real principle. Mrs. Gage is a devoted mother and an excellent woman according to her lights. She sees herself and her children as rightful charges upon a world for which Sereno Gage has done so much. Being herself of absolutely generous nature, she innocently believes that it is as right and as easy for other people to be generous. The children are therefore all well educated at cost of a little campaigning on the mother's part, and after they have fairly grown up, she continues to "work" the community for their advantage. Now Chloe, the younger daughter, instinctively revolts from this way of liv-

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ing, but the atmosphere is too strong for her, and she is in danger of lapsing into acceptance of the easy family code of obligation and virtual dependence. Fortunately she falls in love with one Alex, a step-cousin, whom she has always known. Alex is of sturdy fibre, and hates "the Gage way." He frankly calls it graft, and seriously quarrels with Chloe about it. Of course it all comes right in the end, or as nearly right as may be. Mrs. Gage comes by an heroic and slightly melodramatic death. Chloe is awakened to her need of positive independence, and begins to make her living; whereupon Alex is satisfied that she is too good for that as long as he is on hand to make a living for her. The person who may be likely to please the middle-aged reader particularly is Alex's father, Chloe's "Uncle Harry," every one of whose few words is as pungent as and subtle as a grain of pepper,—a real person and a true American type.

The Spinster is also a book of sentiment—of sentiment transcending the bounds of domestic romance. An entry in *Who's Who in America* is of interest as a sidelight upon this book: "Cleghorn, Sarah Norcliffe, author; b. at Norfolk, Va., Feb. 4, 1876; d. John Dalton and Sarah Chestnut C.; grad. Burr and Burton Sem., Manchester, Vt., 1895; student, Radcliffe Coll., 1895-6; unmarried; Socialist; Anti-Vivisectionist." The Ellen of this story, though born elsewhere, is brought up in her ancestral Vermont, and educated at the "Owens and Owsley" Seminary, after which she spends a year at Radcliffe. She is by then an ardent Anti-Vivisectionist, and later becomes a Socialist. But however much of autobiographical matter there may be in the book, however strongly the author's creed may be brought home here, this is not a patchwork or a tract. It is an unusually sincere and moving interpretation of a phenomenon which has "stumped" most of the story-tellers —of (as the subtitle says) "a nineteenth century girl finding her place in the twentieth." Ellen Graham is as real a person as Pendennis, and as typical of a class. She has no beauty, she lacks the charm which attracts men, she is forthright, easily fired to indignation, a born champion of causes. To the maiden aunts by whom she is brought up,—not Cranford figures, but the real product of a girlhood passed in the sixties and seventies—she is a sort of ugly duckling. She longs to write, and has power to write, but her work is root-bound by literary tradition, has no rich human soil beneath it. Or rather the soil is there, in her own really big nature, but for a long time her writing does not spring from it. Gradually she becomes aware that humanity interests her more than art; and it is with this discovery that her art begins to be strong. One bit of romance enters her life. There is a young man, a sub-editor of *McQuaid's*, who is interested in her verses, comes to see her during a holiday, and is on the verge of an understanding with her when, at the moment of his departure, he is hopelessly diverted by the vision of her best friend, a girl of remarkable charm as well as character. The irony of the thing is that he is captivated partly by Ellen's own verses in praise of the paragon. But Ellen is not a weakling, and, after the shock has been weathered, discovers that mate-love is not the only sort with which a woman's heart may satisfyingly be filled. The splendid dream of socialism possesses her, and inspires her with a real voice at last. We leave her at the moment when she has received a letter from the office of a great New York daily which is, in a sense, her accolade:

> We only want to tell you, comrade, that four of us, workers for the Revolution, have learned your "Alias Jesus" by heart.
>
> It was signed with four strange names, one of which was a woman's; supposedly four young reporters.
>
> She sat late by the window, reading the letter over and over.
>
> At last she opened her Bible, and interleaved it, in St. Matthew, beside her red card. She left it there a long time, while

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she said her prayers. Then she took it out and stood it up on the bureau, between her mother's and her father's pictures. She left it there for quite a long time. She intended to leave it there all night. But after she had blown out the light, she felt her way over to the bureau, and felt for the letter in the darkness, found it and put it in her bosom, where the picture of Franklin Tallman once had lain.

One reader at least, to whom Anti-Vivisection is a word and Socialism an impossible dream, has found this story absorbing and satisfying for its clear human quality and its unforced sincerity of matter and manner.

EYE-WITNESSES OF HISTORY*

BY FLORENCE FINCH KELLY

SOME one has said that "the best way to study geography is with the feet." If that is true, and surely it is, then it is equally true that the best way to study history is with the eyes, to be eye-witnesses of momentous events. Since obstacles of time and space make that ordinarily possible only by proxy it is the part of wisdom to receive with interest the accounts of those who saw or took part in the achieving of great undertakings, and by their descriptions have made all posterity their debtors. There is no better way in which to inform oneself about important phases, epochs, events of history than by going to such eye-witnesses for first-hand accounts of what happened. For they are sure to be not only vivid and intensely interesting, but also so imbued with human quality as to have both the realism of actual occurrence and the glamour of romance.

In this little collection of books are some wonderfully interesting eye-witness accounts of our early history and that of our neighbour to the south. They make the long dead past live again as no arm-chair historian at his desk with authorities piled around him can ever succeed in doing. Beginning with the conquest of Mexico, the several volumes continue with eye-witness stories of the exploration or settlement of several parts of the United States and of life in the early days of the republic.

*The Mastering of Mexico. By Kate Stephens. Illustrated. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Spanish Exploration in the Southwest, 1542-1706. Edited by Eugene Bolton. Original Narratives of American History Series. Three maps. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Conquest of Virginia: The Forest Primeval. By Conway Whittle Sams. Illustrated. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

French Memories of Eighteenth Century America. By Charles H. Sherrill. Illustrated. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

"THE MASTERING OF MEXICO"

For sheer human interest and the eternal fascination of dauntlessness, reckless adventure and high hearted courage bent on derring-do it would be hard to find anywhere a narrative excelling the account that Bernal Diaz del Castillo wrote of the march of Cortez and his followers from the coast to Montezuma's capital and their conquest of Mexico. Miss Stephens has done a real service to the American reading public in making accessible so excellent a translation of the account in its original form. The version which has been hitherto known was from a copy of the original manuscript which had been much doctored by a friar whose solicitude to make it discreet hampered his conception of the value of truth. His version, first published in 1632, is the one which has been used in previous translations. But a quarter century ago the "True History" as the Conquistador wrote it, and as it had been preserved in the archives of Guatemala, was pub-

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lished and was afterward translated into English. Upon that translation Miss Stephens has based the present narrative, with such elisions and condensations as the author's ample leisure and the hurry of our own age made desirable.

Bernal Diaz was a young man in his twenties and a foot soldier—the expedition had only thirteen horsemen—in Cortez's little "army" of five hundred men which set out with unexampled daring upon the conquest of a country of which they knew absolutely nothing and which, as it proved, was swarming with soldiers. He did not write his account of the matter until fifty years later, when old age had brought leisure. But his memories were so full and sharp and he must have lived it all over again so keenly as he wrote that he visualises every happening with as much vividness as if he had been writing of things he had seen and done an hour before. He even remembers and sets forth with due appraisal the appearance and quality of each of the horses of the scanty troop. Reading him, one realises afresh how genuine was the piety, according to the lights of their age, of these soldiers of fortune and also, as the different standards of a later period sometimes make us fail to see, how conscientiously they strove to act with justice and righteousness. The narrative brings forward the essential democracy of the undertaking, which other renditions have ignored. Bernal Diaz appreciated to the full the importance of Cortez's smooth and cunning and sinuous diplomacy, which usually brought him out winner, whether he was matching wits with fellow Spaniard, Indian captive, or Montezuma. It seems fairly evident that he succeeded in his amazing enterprise as much by reason of his own agile intellect and clever tongue as by that of his followers' courage and confidence.

It is a marvellous tale, worthy of a place in the worshipful company of all those accounts of human daring, reckless courage, adventure and achievement which men have read and delighted in for ages and of which they will never tire. Just now, when all Americans are hoping that a brighter day will soon dawn for Mexico, one that will bring more cordial relations between the two republics, this old but ever vivid and colourful story of its historical beginnings is of especial interest and timeliness.

"SPANISH EXPLORATION IN THE SOUTHWEST"

The excellent series of *Original Narratives of American History* receives in this volume an addition of more than usual interest and importance. Its predecessors have been mainly reproductions of documents already more or less familiar in English. But nearly a third of its articles have never been published before in any language, half of the remainder have never been published in any language but Spanish, and of the five that have had English translation and publication three have been newly translated for this work. To students of our Southwestern history the volume will be paricularly welcome because of the new source material it contains. And the book, like Miss Stephens's *Mastering of Mexico,* ought to throw open to the average reader who likes true tales of courage and adventure a new source of enjoyment. For it would be hard to find in all literature any true narratives more humanly fascinating than the quaint and simple and always lively and colourful chronicles that the old Spanish explorers and conquistadores made of their venturesome journeys into the unknown and mysterious lands of Mexico, the Southwest and California. Too little attention has been paid hitherto to their readable qualities, their sheer human appeal, their suitability for general reading. The man-in-the-street, and also his wife-and-children-at-home, are to be congratulated that at last some of these interesting pages are being put within their reach.

The documents which Mr. Bolton has edited with learning and such skill as greatly to enhance their value and in-

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terest, make an after chapter to that of the "mastering of Mexico" in the long story of Spanish exploration, adventure and settlement in the southern latitudes of North America. Cortez and his little "army" marched from the coast to Montezuma's capital in the winter of 1519. These documents take up the chronicle of Spanish endeavour in 1542 and give various of its sections through the next century and a half.

The first three documents deal with the early voyages of exploration along the coast of California and marches into the interior and comprise the history of the Cabrillo expedition, which sailed northward along the California coast as far as Drake's Bay, the diary of Sebastian Vizcaino on the journey which led him north to Cape Mendocino and upon some excursions inland and Father Ascension's "brief report" from his own diary of that voyage. The most important of the papers dealing with exploration in New Mexico are those which tell the stories of the Rodriguez, the Espejo and the Onate expeditions. The third section, dealing with exploration and settlement in Texas, has accounts of the Bosque-Larios expedition in 1684, the Mendoza-Lopez expedition at about the same time, and those of De Leon and Massenet a few years later. The last section is devoted to the work, in what is now Arizona, of that energetic and capable Jesuit missionary, explorer and geographer, Father Eusebio Kino, as told in his own reports and "relations."

Mr. Bolton prefaces each section with a simple and clear running account in outline that relates its chronicle of activities with preceding causative events, describes the characters engaged in it and gives a résumé of their achievements with some explanation of their importance. Now and then, by means of a brief reference or comparison that brings out the conditions under which these voyages and explorations took place, he shows how great were the demands they made upon the courage, the confidence, the ability, the resource and the stamina of the men who undertook them.

"THE CONQUEST OF VIRGINIA—THE FOREST PRIMEVAL"

Mr. Sams has bent himself to an interesting task, of which this volume is but the beginning. It is his intention to tell, or to allow the eye-witnesses to tell, the whole story of how Virginia was won from the domination of the Red Man and made into a prosperous, self-sufficing colony. This first volume, dealing with the country as the white men found it, a primeval forest peopled with aborigines, sets the stage for the drama whose narration will follow in succeeding volumes. Nearly the whole of the book is filled with extracts from those eye-witnesses among the first explorers and colonists, who wrote with minute descriptive detail of the country and its savage inhabitants. Among the chief of these early observers are Thomas Hariot, who came over with the first expedition to Virginia in 1585, William Strachey, Henry Spelman and Ralph Hamor, who were fellow-travellers to the new colony in 1609, Captain John Smith and Robert Beverley. From the latter's book about the colony are taken most of the illustrations picturing the Indians and their life and customs. The drawings were made in 1585 by John White, who was a member of the party that founded Sir Walter Raleigh's settlement at Roanoke, were taken to Europe the next year and engraved by the famous artist, Theodorus de Bry, of Frankfort. Their originals are in the British Museum.

In an introductory chapter Mr. Sams draws the world background against which it is necessary to view the colonising of the new world, showing in outline the events which led up to the sending out of the colonising parties to Massachusetts and Virginia and indicating the purposes and nature of each. It is the author's opinion that "the Virginia Settlement was a larger, more significant and nobler movement than that of the Plymouth Settlement." Then, having landed his people in Virginia, he goes on to show, by means of the eye-witness

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accounts, what manner of land it was they had chosen for their new home. In nearly a score of chapters he takes up as many different phases of Indian life and character, selecting and classifying from all his many authorities the passages in which they paid attention to each particular subject. Among the themes thus dealt with are Indian character, the domestic construction of Indian society, domestic crafts, seasons and festivals, religion, fishing, hunting and agriculture, marriage, houses and towns, political laws and the art of war. One chapter is concerned entirely with Powhatan and a large map shows the territory, with all its tribes and villages, over which he ruled. A chapter devoted to Indian words reconstructs a day in an Indian village, thus bringing into use and explaining all the common Indian words of which the early colonists had much knowledge. A final section defines the territory and tells the history of each of the Indian tribes within the boundaries of Virginia.

Mr. Sams has made a unique adventure in the writing of American history and has succeeded admirably. No one else has attempted to present such a complete and graphic reconstruction of Indian life and character as these appeared to the adventurous and interested white men from across the sea. He has done the work with painstaking care, patience and excellent judgment and his book, which succeeds so well in making alive and vivid the aboriginal life into which our forefathers thrust their inquiring and acquisitive persons, deserves the attention of readers. The reawaking of interest during the last few years in Indian life, culminating in the recent announcement of the foundation presently in New York City of an imposing Indian Memorial Museum, gives a timely value to Mr. Sams's "Forest Primeval."

"FRENCH MEMORIES OF EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY AMERICA"

This volume of French comment upon American life as it was more than a hundred years ago has a peculiarly touching appeal in these days of newly aroused American sympathy and admiration for France. Mr. Sherrill, who has rather surprisingly varied his chief present occupation of promoting intercourse between the United States and the South American republics with this glimpse at the early fraternal affection for us of our then Big Brother, has made a delightful and engaging book. One feels in reading it his own pleasure in its making and, although it must have entailed an immense amount of labour, one does not wonder in the least at his declaration that in the retrospect the hours devoted to the work "seem but minutes" and that "no reader can ever receive from the book one-tenth of the pleasure it gave in the writing." The zest with which Mr. Sherrill did his work is evident upon every page.

The time it covers is the last quarter of the eighteenth century, during which there came to this country many more or less eminent Frenchmen upon the most varied errands. From the voluminous diaries, letters, reports, books in which they chronicled their observations upon American people, manners, customs, country, climate, the author has gleaned salient and colourful bits and set them together to form a mosaic of our life as it looked in those days to French eyes. Mr. Sherrill's bibliography of works consulted fills six closely printed pages, not including many unpublished reports among the French national archives. His method of treating this immense amount of material has been to classify his selections from it under more than a dozen heads, each of which comprehends some phase of the life of the time, and then to make of his excerpts a running narrative. Sometimes a quotation will be of considerable length—perhaps a page or two—again there will be no more than a paragraph, and often only a sentence. The customs of social life, dress and the popularity of French fashions, food and dinner table customs, the temperament and physical traits of the people, special features of

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life in the cities and in the country, travel, religion, education, the learned professions, the interest in public affairs, labour and trade, are some of the subjects upon which these travelling Frenchmen made notes.

In his opening chapter Mr. Sherrill writes entertainingly of the men and the one woman from whose work he makes his quotations, introducing them to the reader with appreciative good nature. The largest group is composed of the military men who came over to help the colonists in the Revolution. Others were philosophers, naturalists, merchants and a few were aristocratic exiles waiting for the return of conditions in the old world more comfortable for the nobility. Nearly all of their chronicles and comments are very friendly in tone. The author says of them:

> A most important fact added by these personal narratives to the general history of the period is that, although the French Government was undoubtedly swayed by political considerations in lending assistance to America, hoping thus to strike England in a vital spot, it is obviously true that these individual French annalists were inspired not only by disinterested friendship, but also by a cordial interest in our new experiment at liberty. They were allies of the heart, not of the scheming brain.

Aside from its interest as a mosaic of our national life during our infancy as a republic, the work merits attention because it reminds us anew, brings graphically and interestingly before our eyes, the indebtedness we owe to the French people for the sympathy, encouragement and friendship which they gave us generously when our need was great. Mr. Sherrill has done his work of selecting and matching his bits of mosaic with taste, discretion and a keen appreciation for the piquant, the telling, and the significant in his authorities. The illustrations, of which there are two dozen, are nearly all from old prints or paintings.

RUSSIAN LITERATURE OF TO-DAY

BY ABRAHAM YARMOLINSKY

ENTER RUSSIA

"Behold, this dreamer cometh," said Joseph's brothers, when they saw him afar off. One is tempted to repeat these words as one watches the stream of books, by Russians and about Russians, pouring into this country. For the Russian has this in common with Joseph, that he, too, is a Master of Dreams. And since men have learned that dreams are the most substantial ingredient of our daily bread, there is every reason to believe that the new dreamer will be better treated by his brethren than Joseph was. Decidedly, the Slav culture seems to be taking revenge for the long neglect in which it was held on these provincial shores. The discovery of the baffling and, at times, exasperating Slav country was bound to happen. For some time past the leaven of the Russian spirit has been at work in the kneading-trough of European civilisation, and the ferment would have been felt sooner or later on this side of the ocean. In fact, some echoes of Russian artistic achievements did reach these regions long before the war intervened. That the present gigantic clash, however, has precipitated matters, is hardly to be doubted: wars have always been highly efficient teachers of geography.

No doubt, the evils of what may be called Russian civilisation are many and great, and the Russians are the first to acknowledge them with contrition, flagellation being a kind of national sport with them. But a light shines secretly through what the Russian poet

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calls "the humble nakedness" of his country and relieves the gloom that hangs over its grey expanses. This light is the serene halo of love radiant and sanctifying, the sudden glory springing from a soul ploughed by God, the glowing wake of a vessel embarking upon mystical seas, and something else more subtle and elusive. It is this light that illuminates Russia's great art and breaks out in thousand splendours and flames.

FOR HUMANITY'S SAKE

Russia's golden fleece is to be found mainly in her literature. This determines the course to be steered by the western argonauts in their exploration of the newly discovered spiritual continent. Russia of the nineteenth century presents a remarkable and perhaps unique case of a national culture centred around and expressed almost exclusively by its literary art. The central position of literature is only partially explained by the torpor in which lay the social forces of the nation, hemmed in, as they were, by political conditions. In Germany, which passed through a similar stage, the stream of spiritual activity divided itself between art and pure thought. But in the Slav household philosophy has never as yet risen above the rôle of Cinderella. It is the literary art that had been the main outlet of the creative energy of the nation, the only place whither its blood flowed in a large stream. Thus a great literature, Russia's classic literature, came into existence.

Its tide begins to ebb toward the end of the century, and nowadays it is possible to speak of that artistic efflorescence as of the past. Russian literature of the nineteenth century was actuated by a powerful social instinct. In this respect, as in so many others, Tolstoy is, someone has said, the spiritual relief map of the Russian mind. The social principle is the keystone of both his sensibility and mentality. This principle and a high humanitarian ideal form two of the basic elements of Russian literary tradition. Alexander Pushkin (died in 1837), the never-setting sun of Russian poetry, saw his chief merit in the fact that he awakened kindly feelings with his lyre. The art of Dostoyevsky, who looms up near the end of the chain of which Pushkin was the first summit, is in perfect accord with the traditions of the national literature. The great Seer of Darkness has the power to make us see "the shining wings" of the dullest chrysalis, and to sanctify the wretchedness of the most wretched, and the ugliness of the ugliest.

Men expected the writer to battle against the powers of darkness and for the man in man—with words of light and flame. Moreover, they looked up to him as a teacher of life, they conceived of literature as of something more than art and only less than religion. This attitude, fostered all through the nineteenth century by criticism, has persisted until to-day. Maxim Gorky is said to have been consulted by some of his provincial readers as to how to live. It is permissible to doubt whether Gorky, or some of his more illustrious predecessors, are competent enough in matters pertaining to the art of life. But if they are not qualified to guide us, they are fellow-travellers on the wearisome road of life, who widen and deepen our seeking and help us somehow to endure life. The fascination of literature to the Russian is increased by the fact that it is unthinkable without the halo of martyrdom; for, it must not be forgotten, the government treated the author as its natural enemy and did everything in its power to turn the laurel wreath on the poet's brow into a thorny crown.

This art for humanity's sake certainly has an ear for the voice of the ancient chaos that surges at our earthly shores, yet it feels at home only in the lighted circle of workaday life. It follows the scent of reality and worships Goethe's ideal: "to see all things as they are." Realism was the air that Russian literature breathed. Russian realism has little to do with the unveiling of repulsive things, or with the quasi-scientific

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literature concocted after Zola's recipe; nor is it the beautiful shallowness of classicism. A clear-eyed and sober art, deeply sincere and internally free, pure from morbidity and pose, and open to all the winds of the spirit, it has the courage to face life and the power to love it. In its highest forms it sounds all abysses and reaches out for all experiences, past conventions and prearranged conceptions of life.

A NEW AGE

As the observer turns from the literature of the nineteenth century to the more recent epoch which has just been brought to a tragical close by the war, he cannot help feeling that he has entered a new age. The last two decades of Russian antebellum history have been highly dramatic. Deep economical changes have remodelled the conditions of life, new social forces have made their appearance, increasing the strain upon the political leash. Hence followed a formidable upheaval, which at one time threatened the very existence of the old régime. In the spiritual order also the time is rich in red memories: it has witnessed the birth of a new sensibility and ideology, and these have revolutionised Russian art. The literature of to-day, or rather of yesterday, for the war has lent a strange remoteness to the interests and preoccupations that have just passed away, makes the impression of a literary Babel, a kermess of styles and æsthetic doctrines. And over this chaos broods the dark and ever-growing shadow of Dostoyevsky and gently hovers the image of Chekhov, Russia's dearest love,—while in the background there is the august figure of Tolstoy, who all through these late years was more of an ikon than an actual leader.

"Chaos," says Schlegel, "is a confusion which can give birth to a world." The confusion of contemporary Russian literature has not as yet produced a world. It has no great artistic achievements to its credit; it reveals the Russian spirit in its adventurous search after new forms of beauty, and exemplifies the zeal of the aspirant, which, it is said, pleases Apollo more than the pride of the laureate. The dismal term "decadence" has been used in connection with Russian art of to-day, and some young authors took pleasure in the name. But the exuberant vitality of the Russian genius is attested by the very blunders that have been committed in recent years. And, above all, this new Russian literature is a-quiver with that winged, evanescent thing, everywhere in the air, which ferments our thinking and doing to-day, which blends with our innermost feeling, and which, in default of any more definite term, we call Modernism.

The traditions of Russian classical literature are not completely abandoned, yet it cannot be doubted that the spirit of the age is elsewhere. In the turgid stream of modern Russian letters a current, which can be traced back to the great masters of the nineteenth century, is clearly discernible. The representatives of this school are dominated more or less by the old conception of literature as Our Lady of All Afflicted. Some of these authors sit at the feet of Dostoyevsky, but most of them derive from Tolstoy and from Chekhov the glory of the Russian short story. However different their outlook on life may be, they are all close students of life's realities and cultivate a responsive attitude toward both the little events of the day and the broader aspects of the times. It is needless to add that but few of these realists have remained unaffected by the new literary unrest.

Some of the most revered, as well as some of the most popular names of contemporary Russian letters, maybe classed with this realistic group. Among them stands Maxim Gorky, the author who has been the last Russian literary event of European importance.

GORKY AND ANDREYEV

Gorky's genius flashed out toward the middle of the nineties. He opens the latest phase of Russian literature. His

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writings undoubtedly contain a living "slice from the loaf of Russia," despite the essentially romantic quality of his talent. To the radical intellectual, Gorky was, at one time, the John the Baptist of the Revolution, the poet who came to sing the daring of the brave, and the beauty of the struggle. He voiced the new joy and new energy which stirred up Russian society after the long and terrible reaction of the eighties, and later on mirrored in his stories all the successive stages of the tumultuous history of young Russia. Gorky has also invented the picturesque tramp, who indulges in the discussion of accursed problems. But the Russian public has made little of this neo-peripatetic philosophy. To the outside world Gorky's name will always be identified with one great discovery which he made. Led by the truly Russian sympathy for those who have sunk to the very bottom of the Inferno of Life, he has convinced the world that the tragedy of "those who were once men" is as truly internal as that of Macbeth, for instance, and that the help must come not from a charity organisation, but from within. And so this vile jetsam floating far behind the ship of humanity is made to testify to the glory of man.

In the early part of his literary career Gorky sounded the note of self-asserting individualism, but before long it died away, giving place to a kind of fantastic socialism, tinged with mysticism. The Nietzschean ideal of the *Kraftsmensch* is nearer to Alexander Kuprin, a name which deserves to be more familiar to the American ear than it is. He is the only young writer for whom Tolstoy found a word of approval and praise. A full-blooded, vigourous, life-intoxicated realist, he preaches the Gospel of Energy and the conception of life as a rich and precious quarry awaiting the pick-ax and the chisel.

With Gorky and Kuprin is usually associated a third name, extremely popular in Russia, and not unknown in this country. This is Leonid Andreyev, author of short stories and plays, some of which have been done into English. This author stands midway between the realists and the other camp, which worships new gods. He has busied himself with the social interests of the day and has done it with great power and impressiveness, but he is irresistibly drawn to the eternal aspects of things and he ever returns to elemental problems. To this purpose he employs an art broadly symbolical, depicting, like the cubists, naked ideas rather than things. Unlike Kuprin's characters, those of Andreyev do not take part in the upbuilding of life; deep in their solitary search after eternal verities, their will under the spell of morbid fear and self-laceration, they trace a magic circle around themselves and dwell within it like in a prison. Andreyev's writings are the best artistic expression of the wave of despondency and despair that in recent years swept over Russia and reached its high-water mark after the failure of the Revolution. The Russian soul has ever been fed on the milk from what Nietzsche calls "the udders of sorrow." In Andreyev, this Russian sadness, far from being tempered by "the lofty reticence of suffering," is intensified to the degree of becoming an obsession. The reader of his powerful stories and plays travels in the valley of the shadow. Throughout his writings rings the despairing cry of a man who senses the stirrings of the chaos right under his feet, and to whom life is but an empty archway, long and grey, with no light or air, unprotected from the terrible incoming of fate and losing itself in a black abyss.

NEO-ROMANTICISM

Leonid Andreyev brings us near the "garden inclosed" of that remarkable literary movement, which is the Slav avatar of the Modernistic spirit working throughout the Western world. It is known in Russia under different names, such as Modernism, Symbolism, Neo-Romanticism, the last being probably the most appropriate and inclusive term.

It is not an easy task to decipher the

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page added by the new school to the annals of the national literature. The theoretical writings, which form the body of the modernistic doctrine, are of little help: hopelessly apocalyptic, they seem to have been written with the express purpose of confusing the uninitiated. There is undoubtedly a great deal of chaff on the threshing-floors of Russian Neo-Romanticism. It is guilty of many sins, of which the sin of bad style, condemned by St. Heloise of Poitiers, is by no means the worst. Some of the members of the symbolistic coteries had no difficulty in convincing the reader that they are little more than rope-dancers of the word and fire-eaters of the spirit; others took delight in toying with studied perversity, others again, in the simplicity of their heart, became actual martyrs of Satanism, in order to gain access to Baudelaire's *paradis artificiels*. At heart, however, the new movement was neither a craze imported from France, nor a huge mystification, nor a large-scale humbug,—it was the manifestation of an overrefined and overexcited sensibility struggling for artistic expression.

Russian Modernism made its first public appearance early in the nineties, a short while before Gorky's début, but a whole decade passed before the new school began to play a prominent part on the literary stage. It started as a poetic movement, and poetry was its main channel throughout its evolution. The pioneers of the movement preached and practised pure æstheticism, shunning political and social issues, free from all moral preoccupation and inaccessible to the evils of the day. Devotees of Beauty, they had no patience with the traditional conception of literature as a deed of civic valour, and one of the godfathers of Modernism did not hesitate to declare that the spirit of wrath and sorrow burns on the face of the Russian muse like a plague spot. The new authors left the altars built among the dwellings of men and fled to the solitude of the heights, making it plain that they should not be expected to bring down new tables of commandments. Possessed by a nostalgia of the past and the distant, the æsthete wanders down the vistas of ages in search of antique symbols for his new conceptions. A slave of strange words, he takes delight in the prerealistic style and seeks to imitate now the crude naïveté of an old Byzantine novel, now the ponderous floridness of a German-Latin tale, now the studied charm and the dulcet rhetoric of an eighteenth century Russian story. Or again, he makes his station in a kind of folklore, manneristic and queer.

Russian æstheticism was essentially an escape out of the mean realities of life. Here we are at the very heart of Russian Neo-Romanticism. A distaste for life coupled with a metaphysical anguish runs through all the manifestations of the new spirit in Russia. The modernist, of whatever denomination, could say in the words of the pilgrim song: "Oh, Eternity, 'tis thee I seek." This world is barren of nourishment to the soul amourous of Eternity; life is to be unmade or, at least, remade on the plane of dreams, where the phantast is the demiurge of a new earth and a new heaven. "A realibus ad realiora," is the motto of the movement. The new poet has what Baudelaire calls "le goût de l'infini," and reality is to him like the cannon-ball to the galley-slave. Ever tormented by a strange love for an "existence ineffable," he forges his verse like "a key to the door of our azure prison."

The Russian Neo-Romanticist delights to dwell in the sumptuous chambers of imagery, but his images challenge reality rather than faithfully mirror it and veil things rather than unveil them; heavy with hintings at high mysteries, they are either obscure and cloudy or almost schematic in their ascetic spirituality,—in short, they are symbolic, in the deepened acceptation in which this old innocent term has come to be taken in our age. Needless to add that this symbolistic art is extremely individualistic: it seeks to clothe in flesh the individual dream and vision of the Absolute. Already in the young realists a

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tendency is noticed to wear their Ego in a sling. As to the Modernists, they carry individualism to a point where it abuts on the blind alley of solipsism; they repeat the old legend of Narcissus, and a goodly part of their art is but a liturgy to the Self, to the solitary, exclusive, aristocratic Self, dwelling in the land of ecstasies and dreams.

CATULLUS'S MAGNET

During the "red days" of the revolutionary period the young poets seemed to have been won back by humanity and its unassuming interests. The year 1905 was a "mad year," to use the term the Germans apply to the year 1848,—mad with poignant joy and immense enthusiasm. For a while the thunders of the revolution undid the spell that held a part of the young writers. Narcissus began to sing the happiness of being "a lightning among lightnings"; the æsthete fled from the steps of Apollo's altar into the street, there to declare that "song and storm are sisters"; and the antiquarian left the enchanted maze of ancient myth to compose revolutionary songs. But the whole political movement proved, as is known, an abortion, and, naturally enough, it left behind in the ranks of the intellectuals a general confusion, mingled with despondency and yawning apathy. It was during those years of sad memory that a wave of sexuality swept over Russian life and literature. It was a feast held in time of plague, in time when the political reaction flooded the country with blood. For a while the Russian Muse, once a country girl with transparent eyes, became an odalisque. A strain of eroticism runs through all the manifestations of Russian Modernism, but it is a kind of transcendental eroticism, whose fleshliness is interfused with mysticism. The sex-craze in the post-revolutionary literature produced much of what properly belongs to the so-called Nana-turalism. It is hardly possible, however, to utter the word "immorality" in connection with books like Artsybashev's *Sanine*, the type of post-revolutionary eroticism. This has little of the insidious charm and delicacy by which the Parisian and Viennese productions are distinguished. The Russian is a gloomy sinner, finding no joy in his wickedness and beset by grim questions in the very midst of an orgy.

Mysticism, says Baudelaire, is the other pole of that magnet of which Catullus and his band had known only the pole sensuality. It has been given to Young Russia to know both. The classical Russian literature of the nineteenth century was, upon the whole, a stranger to mysticism; this was an undercurrent, latent and inarticulate. Russian Modernism was partly a protest of a soul starved on the diet of positivism and, as it has been said, a desire to get the ship of Russian culture off the materialistic sand-bank, so that she might float in the deep waters of faith. One of the pioneers of the movement was Dmitry Merezhkovsky, the foremost religious thinker of modern Russia, the apostle of the Third Kingdom, which is to unite in a supreme mystic synthesis, flesh and spirit, earth and heaven, world and God. In this connection, it is significant that, for a time, "God-seeking" and "God-making," in which there was a good deal of sheer philandering with religiosity, well-nigh supplanted all the other literary and philosophical fashions of the post-revolutionary period.

A FOUNTAIN SEALED

Out of the motley crowd of young minstrels of modernity there have emerged a few great literary artists. Most of these are poets, and the wealth of song they have created will remain "a spring shut up and a fountain sealed" to the outsiders, until they learn Russian, which—if one chooses to believe Charles Sarolea—will happen pretty soon.

In the centre of this poetic revival stand out the figures of Constantine Balmont and Valery Bryusov, the two greatest living lyricists of Russia. Their art is an adventurous journey in the land of beauty. The two poets are different:

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Balmont is not entirely strange to spontaneity. His true element, like that of the fabulous Salamander, is fire, and his heart is, in his own words, like the burning bush Moses beheld in the desert; Bryusov's art, on the contrary, is colder and more intellectual. An arduous and learned craftsman, he casts his metallic verse in the mould of abstruse thought, and, following in the steps of Verhaeren, he seeks to work into music the feverish heart-beats of a big city. Both poets are, in a way, eclectic in their sympathies: in the words of Bryusov, they love all dreams and dedicate a line to every god. It has been given to both to fill with new music that wonderful medium, which the Russian language is, and to clothe in singing flesh new moods.

Very characteristic of modern Russian letters is the uncanny genius of Fyodor Sologub, the poet and novelist, who has been recently introduced to the English readers in a book of short stories. There is hardly a more fantastic and unearthly figure in the world's literature than this wizard *ès lettres russes*. One cannot help recalling, in connection with Sologub's poems, Socrates's comparison of a poet to an oracle: no stranger flowers have ever sprung from a poet's heart. A ghastly place indeed is this poet's world: its fragrance is of death and "dreams impossible"; in the daytime the Fiery Dragon of the Heaven scorches its dead fields bathing in the dew of evil, and at night the moon lifts up its sickle threateningly over it. All the subtle poisons that in late years have been at work in the Russian veins are mixed up with the honey of Sologub's lyric. His are all the ecstasies and vagaries and mannerisms of overrefined sensibility, a yearning after that which never was, the cult of irrationality and of the Ego—which is to Sologub the sad prisoner of existence as well as the sole creator of the universe—and, above all, peculiarly his are utter negation of Life and ceaseless hosannas to Death, suffused, like all the rest, with music of rare beauty. The prosaic works of this phantast and literary executioner of the world at times show, strange to say, something like a realistic tendency. Sologub's novel *The Petty Incubus* (its English translation under the title *The Little Demon* has been announced) forms the nearest approach in modern Russian literature to Gogol's incomparable portrayal of the hideousness of bald, two-dimensional souls.

"FUTURNALIA" AND WAR LITERATURE

Toward the beginning of the second decade of our century it becomes apparent that the impetus of Neo-Romanticism is on the wane. A general tendency toward soberness, simplicity and spontaneity is felt in the air. The chief modernistic values are revalued and found wanting. The prodigal son returns to his father's house. The future seems to promise a new realistic art, deepened and broadened by the modernistic adventures and enriched by the recent gains in diction and rhythm. At the same time the Neo-Romantic tendencies are reduced *ad absurdum* by futurists, acmeists, and other poetic or rather would-be poetic schools. The Russian futurism differs little from its Italian prototype. It is to be credited with numerous specimens of rabid imagery and a war waged against Russian grammar, with a few tricks, such as poems consisting of a title only, and a series of profound aphorisms of which the following is a specimen: "The prism of style is the restoration of the spectre of thought." As to the acmeists, or adamists, they herald the poet, who, a new Adam, will again name all things created and thus call them into new being—which may mean a kind of primitive realism, if it means anything at all.

Then came the war, and the apocalyptic pale horse with his rider Death has become the main hero of Russian life. Upon the whole, Russian letters seem to have been saved from militarisation and have taken but small part in the literary profanation of war, which is going on nowadays in Europe on a large scale. Of course, some writers hastened to assume the protective coloration of

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official patriotism and started to sing war—at a safe distance. But most of those who feel keenly the national tragedy and who could speak from the soul and to the soul, lie prostrate before their God, naked of words and unable even to fathom the depth of destruction wrought by the cataclysm. Few have the courage to turn away their eyes from the bloody pageant and to render the confused stirrings of the new Russia which is being born in unspeakable sorrow.

A JAPANESE POET ON W. B. YEATS

BY YONE NOGUCHI

My bell was soon answered by a slow old-fashioned footstep descending the stairs; when the entrance door was opened, the dimly lighted narrow hall revealed a rather heavy figure, somehow stooped like a dream; our shaking of hands seemed to confirm a friendship of thirty years' standing. He was Yeats in whose song of the "phantom beauty in a mist of tears," I was glad to believe, I found at last my own Japanese song; while walking with him toward a certain grill-room near by, I could not think I was with a real person, but with an ageless Celtic ghost who cries, to use Matthew Arnold's phrase, for "the passionate, turbulent, indomitable reaction against the despotism of fact." This ghost (now sitting face to face with the ghost, a little linen-covered table between us, he a silent star of Keats's sonnet with eternal lids apart) was spectacled, his hair already turned grey, being combed sideways, quite a familiar figure from his picture, who knew well to make the sadness of song dance like a wave of the sea; I loved at once Yeats's melancholy but pleasing face. And he had such proud, innocent eyes, shaking perfectly clear of the nets of right and wrong. I forgot his age (he might be a thousand years old, like his beloved old faery) seeing his slightly blushing cheeks, when he began to speak:

"The folk element is, in my opinion, alone worthy of any poetry; by that I mean that the true literature should be a folk literature invigorated, not weakened, by the cultured elements. From such a view I am pleased with the Japanese *No* plays, specimens of which I have seen through the late Fenollosa's posthumous translation which my friend, Ezra Pound, is just now editing. I confess my mind is perfectly saturated now with the plays.

"These two opposite elements often clash with one another in a poor literary hand; but one who holds the secret or key of the real literature will at once harmonise them, and make them grow more beautiful by their marriage. The literature of any country should remain as itself, whatever culture, whatever universality it likes to embrace. Tell me about your literature and Japanese literary life; above all, whatever do you learn from our Western literature?"

Then I dwelt on the conditions in which our age of transition, happy to say, is approaching well nigh to its end, and I told him that we are busy at present in rearranging or rather destroying what we once learned from the West; I added that we had been lately encouraging even a reaction against the Western litearture. I continued:

"We should keep some Western literature, not because it is new and strange for us, but because we can find our own Japanese passion and imagination more beautifully, more precisely, expressed in it. When we keep your Western symbolism, it is from our desire to strengthen and purify our own old symbolism (or is it to be called allegory?) by its baptism."

A temporary silence ruled my mind which, like a swallow resting before an-

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other flight, looked right and left in restlessness. I unconsciously surrendered to an old foolish habit (I do not know when I got it or any other foolish habit) in thumbing a piece of bread into a little pebble under the table; when I threw away that pebble over the floor, I looked up again to Yeats and said:

"The so-called modern education is rather a sad affair, at least in Japan; it does not teach people to become real and sensible. From the teaching of a useless mass of stupidity they grow at once spiritually lost."

"Once when I was taking," Yeats began to speak, "a train by Cork, I found an Irish priest questioning a young Irish girl if she knew the name of Gladstone. She said no. Then the priest questioned her if she ever heard of Parnell. Again the answer was no. To know not the name of Parnell is inexcusable for any Irish person, even a young girl; but that is one proof that the English education in Ireland is only to make people foolish from the teaching of only the dull and senseless common history and science."

"To make people foolish by education is not only the trouble in Ireland, also it is the case of Japan. But is it not because the English Government wants Ireland to become Anglicised? I am told that Ireland is vastly Americanised."

"Yes," Yeats answered. "This Americanisation has one great fault; it teaches our people to despise and destroy our old real folk elements in character. It is the general Irish belief that there can be only Americanisation left for us, if we reject Anglicanisation. But what we want is our own Parliament; when we are allowed to manage our domestic affairs, it will mean a great deal for literature."

"I believe, however," I ventured, "that the younger mind would turn to literature and art, would it not, from the reason that it is debarred from political ambition. It may not be far from truth to say that the political loss of Ireland is an artistic gain."

"Many of us are only taught," Yeats began, somehow in his own way of monologuing, "what are art and beauty since our childhood. I used to play with a little sailing boat on a pond when I was a boy; and I had a playmate toward whom I always felt a certain condescension, because my father (he was an artist by the way) sometimes spoke slightingly of that boy's father. Of course, I did not know the exact reason for it. When I grew older and knew better, I found out that my friend's father was Thomas Brock, who later made the Queen Victoria memorial by Buckingham Palace. You see what a serious thing it is to become a bad artist; and what a still more serious thing it is to have a bad artist for your father!"

Now we were joined by Ezra Pound and his young friend sculptor, who looked delightfully barbarous as if they had left but a moment before their hidden shelter covered by ivy vines. I confess I felt almost ashamed when I looked upon my stupid formality in a stiff extent of shirt front, which was perfectly out of place in the company of poets whose songs echo down the road of wind. Presently we found ourselves in Yeats's studio (now leaving the electricity and ice cream of the modern hotel restaurant) where an old-fashioned little fireplace dimly thew a light on the floor rugs. Here Ezra, a present day faun in appearance with his uncombed hair where pigeons might like to be nesting, sat on a couch; I was glad that he knew well the place where he fitted perfectly. There the sculptor, Gaudier Brzeska, who had run away, he said, from army service in France and taken upon his hand the reformation of the dull English mind, artistically, sat in a little chair, casting his youthful shadow on the dark wall where pictures and sketches in oil or water colour or what not congregated in pleasing confusion. The candle lights silently flickered, lighting Yeats's face athwart the table to make it half a ghost whose elegy sailed across the sea of the infinite. The poetical atmosphere gradually thickened when Yeats (sitting now on a wooden

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chair, as he sits in an easy chair only by accident) talked on spirit and deathlessness; he soon declared that he was an ancestor-worshipper almost as if a Japanese.

"The medium, or the American medium," he continued, "practises your Japanese ancestor-worship. He or she has no Christian God or Holy Ghost in mind; when we have no particular ancestor to whom we are bound to go, we will go quite freely to any dead spirit of our own choice. Is it not the same ancestor-worship you practise in Japan?"

"Our ancestor-worship," I said, "is not so free as yours. But yours is more true and real."

"I am always interested," Yeats said, looking up to me, "to hear from a stranger what first impression he gets on his first day in the west."

"The great mass of colour mingling in confusion," I said, "is perfectly appalling; see, for instance, the women in the street or reception room. They wear all sorts of colours, some in red, some in yellow, and some in blue or black; their freedom in selection of colour and style is, of course, a great advantage for the women rich and beautiful. But eight or nine out of ten women must be sacrificed only to make one or two women distinguished and really beautiful. And when they are rich and beautiful, they have no consideration toward their friends homely and poor as in Japan, but on the contrary act and appear most independently and freely. This Western country, I dare say, is made only to let the select few enjoy themselves, let me say, while wounding the other thousands homely and poor. But in Japan the colour and styles for the women are all fixed according to their age; even when they are rich and beautiful, they have strictly to observe the propriety or modesty already prescribed for them. It is our old Japanese civilisation in reference to women to make the poor and homely women comfortable, the women rich or poor, beautiful or ugly, all of them, joining hand in hand to make one national woman ghost who gladly sacrifices her individual audacity."

"Our freedom in all life's matters," the young sculptor exclaimed, "starts from the aspiration for youth and life."

"But Japan is sensible and noble," Yeats declared, "when she creates one large beauty as a whole from sacrificing each individual freedom."

The candles were slowly burning down when I felt it was the time to depart. The sudden thought of what Bernard Shaw or Mrs. Shaw had said came to my mind, when I said:

"I was told at Adelphi Terrace that I should go to Ireland if I wished to find a real mind. What is the real Irish mind?"

"The real Irish mind that Shaw perhaps means," Yeats said a moment or two later, "is the mind which all true Irish are trying to get away from."

The point that one wished to keep it while the other would forget it (although I was never quite sure what was the real Irish mind) amused me, as I was hurrying back to my lodgings that night. I exclaimed: "That is quite Irish like—both of them!"

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THE BEGINNINGS OF THE "PROBLEM NOVEL"

BY EDNA KENTON

PERHAPS *The Interesting Story of Edwin and Julia, being a rational and philosophical Enquiry into the Nature of Things. In a Series of Letters. By a Doctor of Philosophy,* published in 1790, is the first of these problem novels that we still have with us. *The Interesting Story of Edwin and Julia* is one of the queer concomitants of the doctrine of "Rights" that strode rampant through the latter days of the eighteenth century. In England, Godwin, Imlay, Wolstonecraft, Montagu, and other of the strong-minded rebels against things as they were, were writing at top speed, though Godwin's *Caleb William or Things as They Are,* Mary Wolstonecraft's *The Wrongs of Woman or Maria,* and Imlay's divorce novel, *The Emigrants,* were yet to be. But the hatching period was on, and Edwin and Julia were the first of the heroes and heroines to lift their piping voices in the demand for abstract "rights," and more pliant conventions. *The Interesting Story* is not worth much except as wind-blown straws hold interesting stories for the road-wise, but it casts one of the first fictional shots in the cause of the New Philosophy of Human Rights, and Julia voices the kernel of it in the following address to Edwin:

> Sir, let me know if your father and mother are still alive, and tell me why you left them; I know I can make free with you. You are the first man I ever loved, and I trust you will be the last. My heart pants secretly after the happiness of one day becoming yours; and, I am sure, were we both in the city of Paris, you should soon have my hand as you had my heart, long ago. We should ask neither priest nor father to be present at the ceremony; we would leave that bondage to those who are afraid of each other. Our sincere and unfeigned vows to Heaven would be our witnesses and a continual observance to please one another, should be the only proofs of our matrimony.

This, clearly, is very French, and for a time faced the English moralists and critics alone. But in 1792 Mary Wolstonecraft's *Vindication of the Rights of Women,* strange enough to be fiction, appeared, to be followed quickly by Imlay's *The Emigrants,* the first English "divorce" novel; and when Godwin's *Caleb Williams or Things as They Are* was followed by Bage's enthusiastic *Hermsprong or Things as They are Not,* and the antidote to Wolstonecraft's poisonous *Wrongs of Woman, or Maria* was offered in Mrs. Opie's rather remarkable *Adeline Mowbray, or, Mother and Daughter,* the wars of theories in fiction were fairly on. Indeed a long list might be compiled of novels that fall under the captions of Godwinian and anti-Godwinian novels. In 1796 Mary Hays published *The Memoirs of Emma Courtnay,* and followed it two years later with *The Victim of Prejudice.* For these two novels, offering as heroines women who thought a little, Miss Hays was flayed alive by the reviewers. Charlotte Smith suffered great loss of prestige with her *Desmond,* appearing about this time, whose heroine dares to leave her husband: of this novel, more later. Several French novels on divorce were translated during this period: *Emily de Varmont, or, Divorce Dictated by Necessity,* by Louvet; *Le Divorce,* by Fievée; *The Picture of the Age,* anonymous; *The Force of Prejudice,* by "Mr. Wildman," are others born of the theorising day and the Godwinian school.

The answers to them, as has been indicated, were not long in coming. Mrs. Opie intended with her *Adeline Mow-*

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bray, or, Mother and Daughter, the total annihilation of Mary Wolstonecraft's pernicious preachings, but she missed fire curiously, for, though the mother was a fool, Adeline was an admirably poised young woman who rather comes out ahead in the game of life. *Dorothea or A Ray of Light; Robert and Adela, or, The Rights of Women best Maintained by Sentiments of Nature; Waldorf, or, The Dangers of Philosophy;* and Genlis's *The Depraved Husband and the Philosophical Wife,* are among the bright and shining antis of that shrieking day.

Imlay's *The Emigrants, or, the History of an Expatriated Family, being the Delineation of English Manners, Drawn from Real Characters. Written in America,* is a novel whose principal design, as one of the eighteenth century reviewers stated it, was

> . . . to turn the public attention to the present state of society with regard to marriage. It is an opinion, which this writer seems to think of great importance to communicate and support, that the female world is at present, in consequence of the rigour of matrimonial institutions, in a state of comparative vassalage; and that it would greatly increase the happiness of society, if divorces could be more easily obtained.

The Emigrants bears the hall-mark of Imlay's golden hours with Mary Wolstonecraft, for his strictures on marriage and his philosophical speculations are stamped with the seal of woman's as well as man's psychology, designs of civilisation that in those days were far apart indeed.

Caleb Williams, Godwin's story of a man at war with law and false ideas of honour and property; and Wolstonecraft's *Wrongs of Woman* (this novel has been discussed at length in the first paper of this series) made up, with *The Emigrants,* an interesting trinity that did not fail of receiving the bitterest condemnation. What with Caleb in jail and Maria uttering sapiencies in a madhouse, critics and readers alike were turned by the ears.

Another curious old novel on divorce is an anonymous, two-volume one, called *The Picture of the Age,* whose heroine had been hurried into marriage with one man while she loved another. The lover returns and lives with them, and what the author terms "a guilty connection" is established between the wife and the lover, secretly connived at—as it later develops—by the husband, who had fallen in love with another lady, and wishes to be rid of his wife. There is a divorce and a double marriage, and the moral of the story seems to be that a more elastic divorce law would prevent the degradations of collusion. This novel also came in for scoring at the hands of the critics who accuse the characters of having "the most accommodating sympathy for each other's frailties," and say of the author that his is "truly the spirit of some modern novelists who delight in palliating error, and in reconciling their readers to false and extravagant delineations of character and conduct. Hence," adds the critic, "we are taught to seek for virtue among felons in jail, and for wisdom in Bedlam."

Mary Hays did not hesitate to go far in her *Memoirs of Emma Courtnay,* a novel that appeared in 1796; far, that is, for a lady of that day writing of a lady of that day. She makes Emma say of herself:

> My desires were impetuous and brooked no delay; my affections were warm, and my temper irascible; opposition would always make me vehement, and coercion irritated me to violence; never but once do I recall having received a blow, but the boiling rage, the cruel tempest, the deadly vengeance it excited in my mind, I now remember with shuddering.

Emma, in a day when ladies were expected to read no further than safe, well-expurgated comments on the Scriptures, perused Plutarch, with, as she says, "my mind pervaded with republican ardour, my sentiments elevated by a high-toned philosophy, and my bosom glowing with the virtues of patriotism."

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Later she developed other literary passions:

> In the course of my researches the Heloise of Rousseau fell into my hands—ah, with what transport, with what enthusiasm did I peruse this dangerous, enchanting work. How shall I paint the sensations that were excited in my mind! The pleasure I experienced approached the limits of pain—it was tumult—all the ardour of my character was excited.

Again, in a philosophic mood, Emma exposes her soul to the British critics in the following passages:

> The wildest speculations are less mischievous than the torpid state of error. He who tamely resigns his understanding to the guidance of another sinks at once from the dignity of a rational being to a mechanical puppet moved at pleasure on the wires of the artful operator. Imposition is the principle and support of every varied description of tyranny, whether civic or ecclesiastical, moral or mental; its baneful consequence is to degrade both him who is imposed on, and him who imposes—*obedience* is a word which ought *never to have had existence.*

Emma writes a frank letter to her lover, proposing several solutions for their love problems, all of them unconventional; and in another long letter to "an intimate female friend," to lapse into the terminology of Emma's day, she writes down the longings and resentments of an imprisoned and shackled soul and body. Miss Hays herself stated openly that her novel was intended to act as a warning and deterrent rather than an example, but it is clear that her ardent sympathies are with her Emma. It is impossible, in this day, to understand fully the reaction of the eighteenth century readers and critics against "such filthy labour," as one critic calls it. Another one makes this comment:

> Setting aside this slang of modern philosophy the plain question is—Whether it is for the advantage of society that women should be so brought up as to make them dutiful daughters, affectionate wives, tender mothers, and good Christians, or by a corrupt and vicious system of education, fit them for revolutionary agents, for Staëls, for Talliens, for Stones, setting aside all the softness, the gentleness of the female character, and enjoying indiscriminately every envied privilege of man?

In *The Victim of Prejudice,* Mary, the heroine, is educated according to the plan of Rousseau, to freedom of research, unchecked impulses, and joy of life. The book abounds with quotations from Godwin, Mary Wolstonecraft, Holcroft, and its references to God are carefully hedged about with definitions of the Almighty identifying Him with Nature and Reason. That Mary herself makes these apostrophes does not add to her already scanty garments cut from eighteenth century womanliness. At the end of the tale: "Almighty Nature!" cries Mary, "mysterious are thy decrees! The vigourous promise of my youth has failed; the victim of a barbarous prejudice (that she was not allowed to marry the son of a man of high rank) society has cast me out of its bosom!" Mary was the daughter of a mother who was both a prostitute and a murderess and who was hanged. "Must not William Pelham himself," asks one horrified reviewer of those days, "had he been permitted to marry the lovely and amiable Mary, have had cause to blush when the children who might have been the fruit of their union came to inquire into the history of their mother? According to the fixed laws of nature we suffer from the vices of our parents."

Thus the female world of that day was guarded sedulously against the mischievousness of rebeldom.

Two novels on divorce, translated from the French, were given to English readers about this time: *Emily de Varmont* by Louvet, and *Le Divorce* by Fievée. *Emily de Varmont* presents the evils of ill-suited marriages, and favours facile divorce laws. The plot is of ancient complications: a mother puts her daughters into a convent; one of them marries, in order to escape the final vows of nunhood, an unknown man; a hus-

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band, supposedly a widower, marries a second wife; a brother of this second wife loves distractedly the supposed widow. Everybody loves another whose body is in legal possession of a third Divorce by the courts is manifestly the only way out.

Le Divorce takes cognizance of the divorce laws of the new régime—this book appeared about 1800—and it, too, worries with a many-bone plot. Madame Dormeuil, beautiful and refined, was married to Monsieur Dormeuil, handsome and cultured. After six years, owing to a soul that yearned for change, Monsieur Dormeuil sought scenes of depravity, and soon became enamoured of a moralless lady whom he wished to marry. He therefore availed himself of the new laws and was divorced from his affectionate wife. Madame Dormeuil declined to believe herself divorced, kept the name and arms of Dormeuil, and bore herself as a wife of the Old Regime. This, however, was merely action based on personal conviction and not law; for Monsieur Dormeuil obtained his divorce and married his love.

Pass a few years: Monsieur Dormeuil is become disengaged in his allegiance to his second wife, and finds himself desperately in love with his first wife, who, after his second divorce, bears herself with that patient, sweet, but inflexible morality without which life would be swept bare of most of its problems: She loves him; he loves her; but there stands the divorce between them! It seems simple to run through a marriage ceremony again, as the State requires; but no! To be married to Monsieur Dormeuil a second time would be an acknowledgment on Madame Dormeuil's part that *the divorce was legal:* to live with Monsieur Dormeuil without remarriage—impossible! The caprices of destiny, divorce, and Madame Dormeuil's distraught mind, are as dusty gusts of the variable winds!

The Force of Prejudice, "published (in 1800) and sold by the author, Mr. Wildman," is not to be had to-day. But a critic in the *Monthly Review* sums it up for the ages in terms of cogent reserve:

> To administer to the necessities of a distressed parent, we are informed in a preface, was the motive which produced the novel before us. . . . In the attempt to combat prejudice, the writer has designed to show that, without offence to morality or decency, and without injury to human happiness, a female who has erred, who has repented of her errors, and who strictly perseveres in her recovered rectitude, may be again admitted to the full benefits of civilised society.

In *Desmond* Charlotte Smith, that notable creator of respectable thrillers, almost lost her prestige in the British mind and heart. For *Desmond* is permeated with French Revolutionary phraseology. Geraldine Vernay was married in her early youth to a spendthrift who hoped to retrieve his wasted fortunes by forcing his wife to become the mistress of the very wealthy Duc de Romagnecourt. "To preserve her honour," Geraldine flies from her wicked husband's house to her mother's, from which supposed refuge, to her unclarified dismay, she is turned by the sturdy and impregnable British matron who bore her and married her off; in England of the eighteenth century a runaway wife, run away from whatever cause, had no place in a parent's home. Geraldine fears to return to the enraged husband and certain dishonour, and, penniless and distraught, like all the unfortunate Geraldines and Amandas of her day, accepts the thrice-over tendered and insistently honourable protection of Desmond, another Grandison with a half century more of Anglicised French theory in his mind, who asks no reward "but to serve her." This state of things endures for a year; then Geraldine's husband falls ill and requires a nurse, so Geraldine goes back to her husband's home and nurses him for many months. Then, after a year of respectable mourning, she marries the devoted Desmond. To some of that age Desmond's vicious ideas of Rights, confined though they

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were to pure theory, were overshadowed by the portrait of Geraldine; "one of Mrs. Smith's very best female characters, a meek and patient sufferer under the brutality of a reckless, vicious husband." But to many others *Desmond* was "detestable": one reviewer feared horribly that Geraldine's "lack of fortitude and her unfaith in the Most High might encourage wives generally to desert their husbands."

Waldorf, or, The Dangers of Philosophy, by Sophia King, published in 1798, is one of the first of the anti-Godwinian novels, and led the procession of fictional refutations of the New Philosophy. Miss King advanced with virtue and valour "to combat the modern vindicators of atheism and libertinism." Waldorf is a splendid young man of many talents led astray by a "modern sceptic" into paths that soon lost him the narrow ways of virtue and morality. He seduces a young woman "of ardent imagination and warm temperament" by the "trite adage" that morality is a personal and not a state's concern. "He likewise by his doubts and sophistries, deranges the minds of two other female friends whose insanity terminates in early graves." His latter unrest is an appalling thing to contemplate, and was undoubtedly born solely of Miss King's avid imagination as a state of mind that should be, and therefore must be.

Robert and Adela, or, The Rights of Woman Best Maintained by the Sentiments of Nature, is an anonymous product of 1795, and is probably a reply to *Edwin and Julia.* Adela, according to her interpreter, is the victim of "natural sensibility suppressed by the affectation of equality and independence." For many moons she torments her lover and herself "by an obstinate perseverance in the haughty reserve which her system (of philosophy) prompted," and finally loses his affections and interest. "In vexation" she then casts herself away upon "a vulgar Welsh squire who possessed no qualities congenial with her disposition," and her end is a pertinent warning to all recalcitrant females of like tendencies. French characters abound who discourse of French politics and morals, and Mary Wolstonecraft is freely analysed and interpreted by the anonymous author, who lays Adela's chiefest woes at the Wolstonecraft-Godwin threshold of thought.

A few years later *Dorothea, or, A Ray of the New Light,* was pronounced by a reviewer, "an anti-Godwinian production, exhibiting a story so constructed as to place sometimes in a ridiculous, but mostly in an odious point of view certain strange principles laid down by Mr. Godwin in his *Political Justice,* and to induce mankind to regard with suspicion and hatred the disciples of what is pompously and sarcastically called the New Philosophy."

Dorothea is supposed to project "the folly of making a regard for the general good the motive of individual action," a mixed set of motives that show the author's state of mind. She is a pleasant young lady, the daughter of a rich merchant, and her mind early becomes inflamed "with the enthusiastic idea of living *for the general good.*" She is therefore easily the victim of a *philosopher,* who *professes* the same disinterested point of view, but who in the end, without dragging her from the paths of rectitude, proves himself in time "a mean, unfeeling, selfish villain." Reacting against such a temperament, Dorothea marries, in haste, Sir Charles Euston, and still full of various opinions upon her rights and others' wrongs, creates a deal of disturbance in an otherwise peaceful English home. "At last, however, she saw her folly. The *New Light* became extinguished, and Sir Charles and Lady Euston passed the remainder of their days in the duties and pleasures of domestic life."

Another title that cannot be passed over is Genlis's *The Depraved Husband and the Philosophic Wife.* This novel appeared about 1800, and essays to depict "the wild theories and abandoned maxims of certain Philosophies of France in the wild days of her Republican *energy.*" Julia is slated, with her

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"vain deceits" for complete victimising at the hands of depravity which, the author does not fail to point out, is but increased by the seeking by frail women after such mad, abandoned freedoms and individual codes.

Through all this tottering time Miss Maria Edgeworth's firm pen, wielded by an unwavering hand, stood ever for Virtue, Propriety, Modesty, and true Sensibility without excess. Her *Leonora* is definitely anti-Godwinian, and deals in no uncertain terms with the evils attendant upon the discarding of sobriety, meekness, and husbands, by women. She reprobates with superhuman courage that greater attention by females to *rights* than *duties;* their calling of matrimony *a barbarous institution;* and their dismissal of prudence as *coldness,* of fortitude as *insensibility,* and of modesty, as *hypocrisy;* their growing preference for the graces to the virtues; and their glossing over of their forfeiture of innocence and reputation as *"emancipation from the tyranny of custom."*

Mary Wolstonecraft's posthumous and only novel, *The Wrongs of Woman, or, Maria,* has been treated earlier in this series, and with it, but more briefly, the fictionised reply to it and its author's life; Mrs. Amelia Opie's *Adeline Mowbray, or, The Mother and Daughter. The Wrongs of Women,* it may be remembered, dealt primarily with the distaff side of the marriage-bondage, and the necessity, as Mary Wolstonecraft saw it, for the economic freeing of women. *Adeline Mowbray* is the story of the dynamic daughter of a theoretical mother. Adeline, loving her mother and accepting the accompanying parental aura of theories, born of "French Revolutionary doctrines," as true, vows herself to live the doctrines of freedom. Meeting a young and ardent male theoriser, one Glenmurray, Adeline out-Herods him in decision, and enters upon a union with him, "unsanctioned by God or society." Needless to say Mrs. Mowbray and Glenmurray himself are aghast at such translation of theory into action.

"I have convinced myself that to leave home and commit myself to your protection was the most proper and virtuous step that I could take; I have not obeyed the dictates of love, but of reason."

"I am very sorry to hear it," said Glenmurray mournfully.

"It seems to me so very rational to love you, that what seems to be the dictates of reason may be those of love only" (said Adeline).

Later Glenmurray insisted on legal marriage, and Adeline says with a logic quaint enough in these books of protest: "If you are still convinced that your theory is good, why let your practice be bad! I am out of the question; you are to be governed by no other law but your desire to promote the general utility and are not to think at all of the interest of an individual." The peculiar honesty of this old novel lies in the fact that Mrs. Opie, making her hero no villain and her heroine a woman of understanding as well as emotion, yielded to her growing interest in them and her sympathy for a situation that she had created in puritanic protest, and says at last: "Adeline was the victim neither of her weakness nor of his seduction, but was compelled by circumstances suddenly to act on her principles." Mrs. Opie calls up all the social bogies; has Adeline insulted time and again, by husbands, unattached gentlemen, servants, little boys at play in the streets, and then, logically, suddenly, almost against her will, feels Adeline's comment and honestly writes it down: "Surely there must be something radically wrong in a situation that exposes one to such a variety of degradation." And Adeline is here speaking of the social state and not her own.

These are only glancing facets of the jewel of protest that latter eighteenth century thought, and early seventeenth, for the matter of that, thrust into the setting of fiction. Paste it has been proved to be by test of time, but it is an interesting thing to bring to light again after long immersement in one of the stagnant ponds of forgotten letters.

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THE NEW COLUMN

BY HAROLD KELLOCK

THE old gentleman leaned toward me suddenly across the little table.

"Who is our most popular ball player?" he demanded.

"Ty Cobb," I replied.

"Why?" he asked. "Simply because he is the best all-round man in the game to-day. And who is our most popular writer?"

"Harold Bell Wright," I ventured, after a moment of hesitation.

"Precisely," he said. "Why?"

I was silent.

"Want of the Literary Column," he declared.

"I beg your pardon," I said.

"In the newspapers," he explained. "Why not a daily Column about books and reading, as well as a Column about baseball?"

I said something about lack of demand.

"You think the popularity of baseball led to the baseball Column?" he demanded. "You are wrong. It is the Column that has made baseball. Before the appearance of the Column public interest in the sport was sporadic merely. Though the baseball plants were of the flimsiest character and the stars were paid salaries that would now be no inducement to a good bat boy, professional baseball was a precarious business in which profit was so rare as to be almost mythical. The Column has changed all this. It has raised baseball to the dignity of a national institution. Why, therefore, can it not do the same for literature? Why can it not create a great army of literature fans? Is there any reason why Anatole France should not be as widely known as Napoleon Lajoie?"

He made a signal to the bartender.

"The national passion for baseball is largely a literary matter anyway. Like Shakespeare, baseball reads better than it plays. For myself, I never think of attending a professional baseball game, which, in my humble opinion, is the stupidest of exhibitions. I should as soon put in the afternoon watching the machinery of my dining-room clock. But none the less I am an ardent fan. I never miss a single one of the baseball Columns. I read 'em all, from Rice to Runyon."

He pushed his glass toward the waiter. "A little more of the same," he said.

"Of course," he continued, "there are difficulties to be faced. Take names, for instance. If you mention the name Cobb, the average citizen of this great and glorious Republic will think of Ty rather than I. There are thousands of good men and true that never heard of Heinrich Heine who could give you the history of all the suspensions of Heinrich Zimmerman. A few paragraphs on Wilkie Collins would probably make the readers infer that the allusion was to some busher, possibly a brother of Eddie. You remember that when it was reported that Johnson (Walter) had signed with the Federal League, all the inhabitants of Washington, D. C., felt worse than if the Government had been moved to another city. Do you suppose there would be a ripple of excitement in any large town if Johnson (Owen) announced that hereafter he would write exclusively for *The Masses* and the *Christian Herald?* A mention of Dr. Samuel Johnson would merely make people wonder if he was related to Ban. As for Henry James——" The old gentleman paused and puffed enthusiastically at his cigar. "Stallings certainly has a great trio of hurlers," he concluded.

"Don't you think——" I began.

"Not at all," he said quickly. "The Literary Column would change all that. Now take this man Harold Bell Wright. You know and I know that if literature

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were baseball he would be lucky to get a job in the Southern League. He would never have a chance to play in the big circuit with such performers as Wells and Galsworthy and M. France. The fact is that in literature the greater public simply does not know how to discriminate between a busher and a star. There aren't any literary columnists to set forth, in entertaining fashion, the real inside stuff."

"Criticism——" I suggested.

"We have lots of good criticism," he said. "Not infrequently it is better than the books. I read a great deal of it. I am always curious to see whether the writer is a Bliss Perry critic or a Joel Elias Spingarn critic. Professor Perry, you remember, maintains that the literary critic serves a function similar to that of the corner grocer and should pass his wares over the counter in a highly impersonal manner. Mr. Spingarn, on the other hand, asserts that the personality of the critic is the all-important consideration and, in effect, he must create for his readers the thing he criticises. He declares that the functions of the corner grocer and of the critic have no more relation than those of a progressive euchre party and of the National Progressive Party. I suppose the truth of the matter is that Professor Perry has more intellectual kinship with the average corner grocer than Mr. Spingarn has.

"But that is neither here nor there. Their dispute is a question of method merely. The problem of the literary columnist, however, will be largely one of manner. He will have to compete, not only with the other critics, but also with the sporting columns and the spoofing columns. He must attract both the ultimate highbrow whose forehead pushes up beyond the timber line and the ultimate lowbrow whose eyebrows crowd his front hair."

He relighted his cigar and began puffing at it thoughtfully.

"As I say, there is a lot of excellent literary criticism, but none of it reaches the man in the subway," he resumed. "He glances through the news, reads his favourite sporting column and his favourite spoofing column and possibly dips into a political editorial, and by that time he's at Rector Street. You can't carry a literary magazine in the subway, you know. People would stare at you, and when you tried to turn over the page some big brute would grab your strap. So the man in the subway does not get a word about books from one year's end to another. But if there was a Column——"

Two men were passing our table. Unexpectedly the old gentleman seized their coattails and whirled the strangers toward us.

"I beg your pardon," he said, "but what do you think of Conrad?"

"Who?" asked one of the men, who was evidently hard of hearing, putting a hand to his ear. The other merely stared.

"Conrad—the writer," said the old gentleman in louder tones.

"Is he the head waiter?" asked the first man. The other said: "What's his last name?"

"There you have it in a nutshell," exclaimed the old gentleman irritably, after the two men had turned away. "Suppose I had asked about Matty? We should have been inundated with a flood of enthusiastic hot air. And until the new Column comes, the ultimate consumer will be just like that. He can give you the batting average of George Burns, but he never heard of Bobbie. To him Shaw is simply one of Clark Griffith's twirlers and not a literary phenomenon; and William Donovan is a figure of infinitely greater significance than William Shakespeare."

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READERS' GUIDE TO LATEST BOOKS

Religion, Theology

The Centennial History of the American Bible Society. By Henry Otis Dwight. New York: The Macmillan Company. Two volumes. Illustrated. $2.00 per set.

A history of the first one hundred years of the existence of the American Bible Society, and an account of the results achieved by it in its distribution of the Bible.

The Gospel of Good Will. As Revealed in Contemporary Scriptures. By William DeWitt Hyde. The Macmillan Company. $1.50.

A commentary on the spiritual note in contemporary literature, with illustrative quotations from the works of modern writers.

What Jesus Thought of Himself. An Outline Study and Interpretation of His Self-Revelation in the Gospels. By Anson Phelps Stokes. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.00.

Designed to show in a clear, compact form, and in untechnical language, Jesus's viewpoint of His own person.

World Missions and World Peace. A Study of Christ's Conquest. By Caroline Atwater Mason. West Medford, Mass.: The Central Committee on the United Study of Foreign Missions. Illustrated. 50 cents.

A text-book for the study of the relation of Christian missions to the questions of war and peace.

Sociology, Economics

Industrial Arbitration. A World-wide Survey of Natural and Political Agencies for Social Justice and Industrial Peace. By Carl H. More. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $1.50 net.

In his introduction the author states that "The study is meant to be an impartial discussion of industrial conciliation and arbitration and of social and industrial conditions, which, in the author's opinion, have a direct bearing on the results of legislative methods."

The Next Step in Democracy. By R. W. Sellars. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.50.

A study of socialism. The work considers socialism in the United States, the prospects for international socialism, and the effect of these prospects on the present war.

One More Chance. An Experiment in Human Salvage. By Lewis E. MacBrayne and James P. Ramsay. $1.50 net.

A record of some of the experiences of a Massachusetts probation officer and his collaborator who shared in the work as a private investigator.

Sons and Daughters. By Sidonie Matzner Gruenberg. New York: Henry Holt & Company. $1.40 net.

A study of the nature of the child in the light of modern physiological theories of *instincts and habits, presented in a series* of short discussions of various concrete problems that arise in the early years of human life.

Political Economy

Address by Elihu Root as Temporary Chairman of New York Republican Convention. February 15, 1916. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. 50 cents.

Outlining the issues in the Republican presidential campaign.

The Case for the Filipinos. By Maximo M. Kalaw. With Introduction by Manuel L. Quezon. New York: The Century Company. Frontispiece. $1.50 net.

A history of the American sovereignty in the Philippines, from the native point of view, and a plea for the independence of the Islands.

The Federal Executive. By John Philip Hill. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.00 net.

A study of the Federal Government, its various departments and their functions. The appendix contains a list of the Presidents and Vice-Presidents, and the Constitution of the United States. There is also an index.

The Japanese Crisis. By James A. B. Scherer. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. 75 cents net.

A statement of the differences between Japan and the United States, with special reference to the California land question.

The Presidency: Its Duties, Its Powers, Its Opportunities, and Its Limitations. Three Lectures. By William Howard Taft. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.00 net.

The Barbour-Page Lectures delivered at the University of Pennsylvania in January, 1915.

Feminism

Feminism. Its Fallacies and Follies. By Mr. and Mrs. John Martin. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. $1.50 net.

The woman movement discussed from two points of view—that of the man and that of the woman.

The Principle of Suffrage. By Nathaniel C.

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Fowler, Jr. New York: Sully & Kleinteich. 25 cents.

An argument in favour of woman suffrage.

European War Books

Belgium and Germany. A Dutch View. By J. H. Labberton. Translated by W. E. Leonard. Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Company. $1.00 net.

A neutral view by a notable Dutchman of letters.

Canada in Flanders. By Max Aitken. With a preface by A. Bonar Law, and an introduction by Robert Borden. With maps and appendices. New York: George H. Doran Company. 50 cents.

A record of the achievements of the Canadian troops in the battles of Ypres, Neuve Chapelle, Givenchy and Festubert.

Common-sense Patriotism. By A. A. Warden. New York: G. W. Dillingham Company. $1.00 net.

The work presents a plan for bringing about peace in Europe.

The Diplomatic Background of the War. 1870-1914. By Charles Seymour. New Haven: Yale University Press. $2.00 net.

A study of the causes of the European War going back to the time of the establishment of German unity in 1870.

England and Germany. 1740-1914. By Bernadotte Everly Schmitt. Princeton: Princeton University Press. $2.00 net.

A discussion of Anglo-German relations from an historical point of view.

The European Anarchy. By G. Lowes Dickinson. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.00.

An attempt to give in broad outline a just estimate of the European system, with especial reference to the underlying causes of the war. The discussion takes Germany for its center.

Germany Misjudged. An Appeal to International Good Will in the Interest of a Lasting Peace. By Roland Hugins. Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Company. $1.00 net.

Five papers discussing the German side of the situation. The introductory chapter is reprinted from the New York *Times* of July 11, 1915; the other four from *The Open Court* for November, December, January and April, last.

Golden Lads. By Arthur Gleason and Helen Hays Gleason. With an Introduction by Theodore Roosevelt. New York: The Century Company. Illustrated. $1.30 net.

The authors were Red Cross workers with the Belgium army and they describe the German invasion of Belgium and how the young soldiers of Belgium and France met it. The chapter on "How War seems to a Woman" was written by Mrs. Gleason.

The Greater Tragedy and Other Things. By Benjamin Apthorp Gould. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.00 net.

Articles and verses dealing principally with the attitude of the United States to the war.

My Fourteen Months at the Front. An American Boy's Baptism of Fire. By William J. Robinson. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. Illustrated. $1.00 net.

A record of the personal experiences of the author who served as dragoon guardsman, dispatch rider and motor-car driver under the British flag.

The Red Horizon. By Patrick MacGill. New York: George H. Doran Company. $1.25 net.

A story of the author's experiences in the trenches.

Some "Frightful" War Pictures. By W. Heath Robinson. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. $1.00 net.

A collection of full-page humourous drawings which originally appeared in *The Sketch* and in *The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News*.

To Ruhleben and Back. A Great Adventure in Three Phases. By Geoffrey Pyke. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. Illustrated. $1.50 net.

An account of an English correspondent's detention at the German concentration camp and of his journey there and back.

Victory in Defeat. The Agony of Warsaw and the Russian Retreat. By Stanley Washburn. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Company. Frontispiece and Maps. $1.00 net.

A presentation of the Russian side of the campaign which ended with the capture of Warsaw by the Germans. The author was special correspondent of the London *Times* with the Russian armies in the field.

The War in Eastern Europe. Described by John Reed. Pictured by Boardman Robinson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.00 net.

A presentation in picture and text of the personalities of various peoples and armies as exhibited under war conditions, and a record of the author's experiences on their journey through Russia, Serbia, Bulgaria, Constantinople and Austria-Hungary.

With the French in France and Salonika. By Richard Harding Davis. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Illustrated. $1.00 net.

A record of the author's second visit to the front in the winter of 1915-16.

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Education

A-B-C of Correct Speech and the Art of Conversation. By Florence How Hall. New York: Harper & Brothers. 50 cents net.

A handbook in which the author "aims to set forth the best usage with regard to our mother-tongue and to state the principles which should guide us in conversation."

Education Among the Jews. From the Earliest Times to the End of the Talmudic Period, 500 A. D. By Paul E. Kretzmann. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.00 net.

A brief outline of methods of education and training of Jewish children. There is a bibliography.

The Merchant of Venice. As Originally Performed by Shakespeare's Company. Edited for the Student with Introduction and Notes by Daniel Homer Rich. New York: Harper & Brothers. Illustrated. 35 cents.

In *The Globe Theatre Shakespeare* series adapted for use in schools.

Reference Guides That Should Be Known and How to Use Them. A series of eight groups of graded lessons on the use of reference books which could be given in connection with the English Courses in High and Normal Schools. By Florence M. Hopkins. Detroit: The Willard Company.

Select Prose of Robert Southey. Edited with an Introduction by Jacob Zeitlin. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.50.

Adapted for use in college courses in English literature.

The Tragedy of Julius Cæsar. As Originally Performed by Shakespeare's Company. Edited for the Student with Introduction and Notes by Daniel Homer Rich. New York: Harper & Brothers. Illustrated. 35 cents.

In *The Globe Theatre Shakespeare* series adapted for use in schools.

Medicine, Hygiene

American Public Health Protection. By Henry B. Hemenway. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $1.25 net.

A history of the development of the care of public health, and a discussion of various phases of the problem.

Body and Spirit. An Inquiry into the Subconscious. Based Upon Twelve Thousand Experiences in the Author's Practice. By John D. Quackenbos. New York: Harper & Brothers. $1.50 net.

The work discusses the value of suggestion as a curative force in the treatment of mental and moral abnormalities for which there is no other remedy.

Quit Your Worrying. By George Wharton James. Pasadena: The Radiant Life Press. $1.00 net.

An optimistic treatise on the causes and cure of worry.

Domestic Science

A-B-C of Cooking. By Christine Terhune Herrick. New York: Harper & Brothers. 50 cents net.

This is not a recipe book, but a practical manual for the beginner. It gives helpful information on the furnishing of a kitchen and on how to get the best results in cooking.

Embroidery and Design. A Handbook of the Principles of Decorative Art as Applied to Embroidery. Illustrated by Typical Designs. By Joan H. Drew. With a Foreword by Miss M. M. Allan. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. $1.00 net.

Simple instructions and suggestions for embroiderers.

From House to House. A Book of Odd Recipes from Many Homes. By A. N. Furgerson and Constance Johnson. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. $1.50 net.

A collection of unusual recipes.

Art

Estimates in Art. By Frank Jewett Mather, Jr. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Illustrated. $1.50 net.

Critical essays on the work of Claude Lorrain, Sandro Botticelli, El Greco, Goya, Rembrandt, Vermeer, Sorolla, Carrière, Watts and Lafarge. There is also a chapter devoted to "Far Eastern Painting."

Music

The Science of Musical Sounds. By Dayton Clarence Miller. New York: The Macmillan Company. Illustrated. $2.50.

The Lowell Lectures. A study of the general characteristics of sound and of sound waves. The author discusses simple harmonic motion, the tuning fork, and methods of photographing and interpreting sound waves, and analyses the tones of the flute, violin, oboe, clarinet, horn and piano.

Essays, General Literature

Along New England Roads. By W. C. Prime. New York: Harper & Brothers. $1.00 net.

A collection of papers written originally as letters to the New York *Journal of Commerce* in the course of a correspondence which covered a period of more than forty years. The essays are leisurely descriptions of the life and characteristics of New England.

The Forks of the Road. By Washington Gladden. New York: The Macmillan Company. 50 cents.

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An argument in favour of pacificism. The essay which was awarded the prize, offered by the Church Peace Union, for the best essay on war and peace.

Counter-Currents. By Agnes Repplier. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.25 net.

Nine essays which have appeared in *The Atlantic Monthly* during the past three years. The titles are: "The Cost of Modern Sentiment," "Our Loss of Nerve," "Christianity and War," "Women and War," "The Repeal of Reticence," Popular Education," "The Modest Immigrant," "Waiting," "Americanism."

The End of a Chapter. By Shane Leslie. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.25 net.

Essays, reminiscent and anecdotal of the Victorian era.

The Observations of Professor Maturin. By Clyde Furst. New York: Columbia University Press. $1.25 net.

Essays on a variety of subjects, reprinted from the New York *Evening Post*. Some of the titles are "The Staff of Life," "Foreign Travel at Home," "Christmas," "Men's Faces," "The Mystery of Dress," "The Club of Bachelor Maids."

Adventures While Preaching the Gospel of Beauty. By Vachel Lindsay. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.00 net.

A new edition of a book first published in 1914. An account of the author's travels afoot among the people of Illinois, Missouri, Kansas, Colorado and New Mexico.

Souls on Fifth. By Granville Barker. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. Frontispiece. $1.00 net.

A satirical study of social life on Fifth Avenue.

On Being Human. By Woodrow Wilson. New York: Harper & Brothers. 50 cents net.

An essay giving the author's idea of the real humanity and of the best way to attain it.

Commencement Days. A Book for Graduates. By Washington Gladden. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.25.

A group of Commencement Addresses and Baccalaureate Sermons. The author discusses problems of citizenship, of religion, of vocation, of politics, of reading, and of service.

Essays and Literary Studies. By Stephen Leacock. New York: The John Lane Company. $1.25 net.

Nine essays dealing with the vital things of contemporary life and literature. The titles are: "The Apology of a Professor," "The Devil and the Deep Sea," "Literature and Education in America," "American Humour," "The Woman Question," "The Lot of the Schoolmaster," "Fiction and Reality," "The Amazing Genius of O. Henry," "A Rehabilitation of Charles II."

Wordsworth: How to Know Him. By C. T. Winchester. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. Frontispiece. $1.25 net.

A study of the life and personality of Wordsworth, and a discussion of the merits and limitations of his work.

A Northern Countryside. By Rosalind Richards. New York: Henry Holt & Company. Illustrated. $1.50 net.

A series of connected sketches of scenes and people in Maine.

Virgil's *Gathering of the Clans*. Being Observations on Æneid VII. 601-817. By W. Warde Fowler. New York: Longmans, Green & Company. $1.00 net.

A study of the seventh Æneid, with many notes.

Poetry, Drama

Androcles and The Lion: Overruled: Pygmalion. By Bernard Shaw. New York: Brentano's. $1.50 net.

Three plays with an introduction to each.

Battle and Other Poems. By Wilfrid Wilson Gibson. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.25.

The book is composed of three sections: "Battle," "Friends" and "Stonefolds," the last containing seven little plays.

A Book for Shakespeare Plays and Pageants. A Treasury of Elizabethan and Shakespearean Detail for Producers, Stage Managers, Actors, Artists and Students. By Orie Latham Hatcher. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. $2.00 net.

Caliban by the Yellow Sands. By Percy MacKaye. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Company. Illustrated. Paper, 50 cents net; cloth, $1.25 net.

The Shakespeare Tercentenary Masque.

The Dramatic Index for 1915. Covering Articles and Illustrations Concerning the Stage and Its Players in the Periodicals of America and England, to Which is Added a Record of Books on the Drama and of Texts of Plays Published During 1915. Edited by Frederick Winthrop Faxon. Compiled with the Co-operation of Librarians. Boston: The Boston Book Company. $4.00 net.

The seventh annual volume of *The Dramatic Index*.

The English Tongue and Other Poems. By Lewis Worthington Smith. Boston: The Four Seas Company. 60 cents net.

A group of lyrics. Some of the titles are "Counsels of Kings," "The Throes of Nations," "At Rheims."

The Fairy Bride: A Play in Three Acts. By Norreys Jephson O'Conor. With Music Composed and Arranged by El-

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liott Schenck. New York: John Lane Company. $1.00 net.

A play of the early days of Ireland, written to be produced out of doors. An appendix gives a note on Irish costume and a setting for those who wish to produce the play indoors.

A False Saint. (L'Encers d'une saint.) A Play in Three Acts. By François de Curel. Translated by Barrett H. Clark. With an Introduction by Archibald Henderson. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Company. 75 cents net.

Volume XVII in *The Drama League Series of Plays.*

Five Men and Pompey. A Series of Dramatic Portraits. By Stephen Vincent Benét. Boston: The Four Seas Company. 60 cents.

Poems outlining in a sequence of imagined moments in the lives of Sertorius, Lucullus, Crassus, Cicero, Cæsar and Pompey, the drama of the Republic's fall.

General William Booth Enters Into Heaven and Other Poems. By Vachel Lindsay. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.25 net.

A new edition of a book first published in 1913. A collection of verses, some of which have appeared in various periodicals.

Gustaf Fröding. Selected Poems. Translated from the Swedish with an Introduction by Charles Wharton Stork. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.25.

Selections from the work of a distinguished Swedish poet.

The Hate-Breeders: A Drama of War and Peace in One Act and Five Scenes. By Ednah Aiken. With an Introduction by Henri La Fontaine. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. 75 cents net.

A plea for peace and the abolition of war.

The Hidden Garden. By Florence D. Snelling. Boston: The Ranger Company.

A collection of verses.

Hobson's Choice: A Three-Act Comedy. By Harold Brighouse. With an Introduction by B. Iden Payne. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Company. 75 cents net.

Volume XIV in *The Drama League Series of Plays.* The play deals with Lancashire life.

Horizons. By Robert Alden Sanborn. Boston: The Four Seas Company. 60 cents net.

A collection of verses on a variety of themes.

Images Old and New. By Richard Aldington. Boston: The Four Seas Company. 60 cents net.

A collection of poems written in the free-verse style.

John o' Dreams. By L. J. Dickinson. Superior: The Colwin Company. Illustrated.

A collection of miscellaneous verses.

Lyrics of War and Peace. By William Dudley Foulke. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $1.00 net.

A collection of miscellaneous verses arranged under the headings "In War-Time," "Beyond the Seas," "Love and Life," "Personalia," "Ad Patriam," "Translation and Paraphrase."

The Open Road and Other Poems. By Lucy E. Abel. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.00 net.

A collection of miscellaneous verses.

Others. An Anthology of the New Verse. Edited by Alfred Kreymborg. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $1.50.

Selections from the work of about fifty writers of *vers libre.*

Profiles. By Arthur Ketchum. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.00 net.

A miscellaneous collection of short verses.

Sea and Bay. A Poem of New England. By Charles Wharton Stork. New York: John Lane Company. $1.25 net.

A long poem in three parts—"Bay," "Sea and Bay" and "Bay"—symbolising three periods of a man's life. The boy's life is sheltered in the bay, the adventurous life is spent upon the sea, and the older man returns to live by the bay, but with the memory of his sea life still a part of his nature.

Shakespeare's Theatre. By Ashley H. Thorndike. New York: The Macmillan Company. Illustrated. $2.50.

A survey of the English theatre in Shakespeare's time.

Singing Fires of Erin. By Eleanor Rogers Cox. New York: John Lane Company. $1.00 net.

Verses based on the romances and legends of Ireland.

Songs of the World War. By A. St. John Adcock. London: Cecil Palmer & Hayward.

A collection of verses.

Two Deaths in the Bronx. By Donald Evans. Philadelphia: Nicholas L. Brown. $1.00 net.

A collection of new verse.

Yearnings. By William Estill Phipps. Boston: Richard G. Badger. 75 cents net.

Nine poems on various themes.

Youth. By Max Halbe. Translated by Sara Tracy Barrows. With an Introduction by Ludwig Lewisohn. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Company. 75 cents net.

Volume XVI in *The Drama League Series of Plays.* A play of modern Germany.

Wild Apples. By Jeanne Robert Foster.

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(Julie Ollivier.) Boston: Sherman, French & Company. $1.00 net.
A collection of miscellaneous verses.

Wolfe's Bane. Rhymes. By John Cowper Powys. New York: G. Arnold Shaw. $1.25 net.
A collection of miscellaneous verses

Fiction

About Miss Mattie Morningglory. By Lilian Bell. Chicago: Rand, McNally & Company. $1.35 net.
The romance of a warm-hearted little milliner of middle age.

Alice Devine. By Edgar Jepson. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $1.25 net.
A humourous romance, recording the experiences encountered by an English peer when he assumes possession of a group of houses known as Garthoyle Gardens, left to him by his uncle on the condition that he manage the property himself.

The Bars of Iron. By Ethel M. Dell. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Frontispiece. $1.50 net.
A dramatic love story. The hero, forced into a fight, kills his opponent. Years later, without knowing her identity, he falls in love with the man's widow, and the story is of the adjustment of their lives after discovery of the circumstances.

The Battle Months of George Daurella. By Beulah Marie Dix. New York: Duffield & Company. $1.25 net.
A novel picturing the development of a young man and a young woman through love and war.

Behold the Woman! A Tale of Redemption. By T. Everett Harré. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. $1.35 net.
An historical romance of Alexandria in the fifth century

The Best Short Stories of 1915 and The Yearbook of the American Short Story. Edited by Edwin J. O'Brien. Boston: Small, Maynard & Company. $1.50 net.
Twenty short stories selected by Mr. O'Brien as the best that were written by American authors and published in various magazines during 1915. In his Introduction he gives a survey of the year's achievement in the short story. There is also a list of distinctive short stories published during 1914 and 1915.

The Better Man. By Robert W. Chambers. New York: D. Appleton & Company. Illustrated. $1.30 net.
Fifteen stories of love and adventure, the scenes of which are in the Adirondack woods and Florida forests.

Bridge of Desire. A Story of Unrest. By Warwick Deeping. New York: Robert M. McBride & Company. $1.25 net.
A story of married life telling of the crisis that came to Martin Frensham and his wife, and how they came through it.

Captain Margaret. By John Masefield. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.35.
A story of adventure on the sea. The hero, Captain Margaret, sets out to found a just government for the Indians of Panama.

The Carnival of Destiny. By Vance Thompson. New York: Moffat, Yard & Company. $1.25 net.
A love story, the theme of which is the reappearance of an extraordinary personality in the persons of women living at times ranging from the Stone Age to the nineteenth century.

The Castle of Cheer. By Charles Henry Lerrigo. New York: Fleming H. Revell Company. Illustrated. $1.25 net.
A new story in which "Doc Williams" of the author's earlier book reappears. The scenes are laid in and about his large sanitorium in the West, and interest centers in the romances of two of his nurses.

Children of Hope. By Stephen Whitman. New York: The Century Company. Illustrated. $1.40 net.
The story of three lovely American girls, their adventures in Europe, their love affairs and their artistic ambitions.

Come Out of the Kitchen! A Romance. By Alice Duer Miller. New York: The Century Company. Illustrated. $1.25 net.
A modern romance, the scene of which is laid in an old Virginia manor-house. The story tells of what happened to Burton Crane, a young New Yorker, when he rented the house for the hunting season, and of the surprising "servants" who are hired with the house.

The Confession. By Maxim Gorky. Translated from the Russian by Rose Strunsky, with an Introduction by the Translator. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. $1.35 net.
The book is a novel and not in any way autobiographical. A story of Russian life and a study of the individual's relation to society.

The Conscript Mother. By Robert Herrick. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 50 cents net.
The story of the devotion of an Italian mother to her soldier son in the days just before and after Italy's entrance into war. A new volume in *A Famous Series of Stories and Essays.*

The Conquest of America. A Romance of Disaster and Victory. U. S. A., 1921 A. D. Based on Extracts from the Diary of James E. Langston, War Correspondent of the *London Times.* By

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Cleveland Moffett. New York: George H. Doran Company. Illustrated. $1.50 net.

A narrative of the invasion and conquest of the United States. A plea for national preparedness.

The Crimson Gardenia and Other Tales of Adventures. By Rex Beach. New York: Harper & Brothers. Illustrated. $1.30 net.

Tales of romance and adventure, with scenes laid all the way from the tropics to the Alaskan north.

The Daughter of the Storage. By William Dean Howells. New York: Harper & Brothers. $1.35 net.

Short stories, sketches and verses, including "The Daughter of the Storage," "A Presentiment," "Captain Dunlevy's Last Trip," "The Return to Favour," "Somebody's Mother," "The Face at the Window," "An Experience," "The Boarders," "Breakfast is My Best Meal," "The Mother-Bird," "The Amigo," "Black Cross Farm," "The Critical Bookstore," "A Feast of Reason," "City and Country in the Fall," "Table Talk," "The Escapade of a Grandfather," "Self-Sacrifice: A Farce-tragedy," and "The Night Before Christmas."

The Desire of the Moth. By Eugene Manlove Rhodes. New York: Henry Holt & Company. Illustrated. $1.00 net.

A humourous story of love and adventure on the Mexican border.

The Duel. By A. Kuprin. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.50.

A novel, translated from the Russian, depicting life in an infantry regiment near the German frontier. An arraignment of militarism.

Frey and His Wife. By Maurice Hewlett. New York: Robert M. McBride & Company. Illustrated. $1.00 net.

A romantic tale of old Norway.

God's Remnants. Stories of Israel Among the Nations. By Samuel Gordon. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. $1.35 net.

A group of short stories picturing the life, the faith and the traditions of the Jewish people.

Hearts and Faces. By John Murray Gibbon. New York: John Lane Company. $1.35 net.

A story of the romance and excitement of an artistic career with scenes laid in Scotland and Paris.

The Hidden Spring. By Clarence B. Kelland. New York: Harper & Bros. Illustrated. $1.25 net.

A romance with scenes laid in the lumber town of Owasco, Michigan, telling of the hero's fight against the tyranny of the millionaire who controls the town.

"I Conquered." By Harold Titus. Chicago: Rand, McNally & Company. Illustrated. $1.25 net.

The story of a city man's regeneration in the open life of the west.

Instead of the Thorn. By Clara Louise Burnham. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.25 net.

A love story, the heroine of which is a petted beauty brought up in luxury. How she meets reverses in fortune, gives up her life in society, and finds happiness in a little village in Maine, form the theme.

The Ivory Child. By H. Rider Haggard. New York: Longmans, Green & Company. Illustrated. $1.35 net.

A new story of Allan Quartermain and his adventures.

The Least Resistance. By Kate L. McLaurin. New York: George H. Doran Company. $1.25 net.

The story of a young actress forced to leave her worthless husband, of her struggles, triumphs and defeats.

The Light That Lies. By George Barr McCutcheon. New York: George Barr McCutcheon. Illustrated. $1.00 net.

The young foreman of the jury falls in love with the principal witness for the defense. In spite of evidence and the verdict, he believes the girl, and defies his fellow-jurors, the court and the lawyers.

The Little Lady of the Big House. By Jack London. New York: The Macmillan Company. Frontispiece. $1.50.

A novel of contemporary social life, telling of the love of two men for one woman.

Love in Youth. By Frank Harris. New York: George H. Doran Company. $1.25 net.

The romance of an American man and girl, with scenes set in southern France.

Makar's Dream and Other Stories. By Vladimer Korolenko. Translated from the Russian by Marian Fell. New York: Duffield & Company. $1.50 net.

Four stories of Russian peasant life: "Makar's Dream," "In Bad Company," "The Forest Murmurs," "The Day of Atonement." There is an introduction which gives a short sketch of the author.

Marie of the House D'Anters. By Michael Earls. New York: Benziger Brothers. $1.35 net.

A love story embodying an arraignment of some features of American life.

Miss American Dollars. A Romance of Travel. By Paul Myron. Milwaukee: Mid-Nation Publishers. Illustrated. $1.25 net.

The story of a wealthy American who went to Europe with his daughter before the outbreak of the war to employ his fortune for the uplifting of downtrodden races. When the war broke out he re-

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turned to America to work for the cause of national preparedness.

Mr. and Mrs. Pierce. A Story of Youth. By Cameron Mackenzie. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. Illustrated. $1.35 net.

A young wife happily married attempts to elevate her husband financially and socially. What she did, how she did it, and what were the results form the theme of the story.

The Master Detective. Being Some Further Investigations of Christopher Quarles. By James Percy Brebner. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. $1.35 net.

Fifteen stories of crime and detection by the author of *Christopher Quarles*.

My Friend Phil. By Isabel Maud Peacocke. Chicago: Rand, McNally & Company. Illustrated. $1.25 net.

A love-story in which a small boy is the hero.

Of One Blood. By Charles M. Sheldon. Boston: Small, Maynard & Company. $1.25 net.

A novel based on the question of race jealousy.

Old Judge Priest. By Irvin S. Cobb. New York: George H. Doran Company. $1.25 net.

A new story of the old Kentucky judge introduced in the author's earlier book, *Back Home*.

Only Anne. By Isabel C. Clarke. New York: Benziger Brothers. $1.35 net.

A somewhat complicated love story with scenes laid in England, Switzerland and Africa.

Only Relatives Invited. A Social and Socialistic Satire. By Charles Sherman. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $1.25 net.

Might be called comedy of the divorce question. The characters are the guests of a wealthy relative in order that she may decide to whom to leave her fortune. As she does not believe in divorce, those of her relatives who are divorced have a lively time trying to conceal the fact from her.

People Like That. By Kate Langley Bosher. New York: Harper & Brothers. $1.25 net.

The story of a young society woman who goes to live and work among the people of the slums. The fact that the men and women of her class have an obligation to the less fortunate is strongly pointed out.

A Raw Youth. A Novel in Three Parts. By Fyodor Dostoevsky. From the Russian by Constance Garnett. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.50.

The latest volume in the uniform edition of the translated works of Fyodor Dostoevsky.

Remating Time. By Jesse Lynch Williams. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 50 cents net.

A short story telling how four mismated and unhappy persons are interchanged and attain the highest degree of happiness. A satire on marriage and divorce.

Renting a Furnished Apartment. A Narrative Setting Forth the Experience of an Out-of-Town Family in the Metropolis. By G. Smith Stanton. New York: J. S. Ogilvie Publishing Company. Illustrated. $1.00.

A humourous account of the experiences of a family accustomed to life in the country who decided to try life in a city apartment for the winter.

Roberta of Roseberry Gardens. By Frances Duncan. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Company. Illustrated. $1.25 net.

A romance set in the old nurseries of Roseberry Gardens. The heroine is the secretary to the owner of the gardens and her instruction in plants and more worldly things is received from two gardener-philosophers.

Russian Folk-tales. (Translated from the Russian.) With Introduction and Notes by Leonard A. Magnus. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. $2.00 net.

In his introduction the author explains that "the selection is intended to represent, as completely as possible, the varieties of Russian folk-tale."

The Second Coming. A Vision. By Frederic Arnold Kummer and Henry P. Janes. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. 50 cents net.

A little tale of the coming of Christ to the battlefields of Europe.

The Seed of the Righteous. By Juliet Wilbor Tompkins. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. Illustrated. $1.25 net.

A story of the ambitions and activities of the family of a philanthropist who had died after giving all of his time and money to the cause of children.

The Spinster. A Novel Wherein a Nineteenth Century Girl Finds Her Place in the Twentieth. By Sarah N. Cleghorn. New York: Henry Holt & Company. $1.35 net.

The story of a young woman brought up in a quiet New England village, who, after college, a love affair, and contact with the wider world, develops a disturbing sense of social justice.

The Stories of H. C. Bunner. First and Second Series. With an Introductory Note by Brander Matthews. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.25 net each.

A new edition published in response to a revival of interest in the work of H. C. Bunner. The first volume contains the

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introductory note and "The Story of a New York House," "The Midge," "Jersey and Mulberry," "Tiemann's to Tubby Hook," "The Bowery and Bohemia," "The Story of a Path," "The Lost Child," "A Letter to Town." The Second Volume includes "Love in Old Clothes," "A Letter and a Paragraph," "'As One Having Authority,'" "Crazy Wife's Ship," "French for a Fortnight," "The Red Silk Handkerchief," "Our Aromatic Uncle," "The Zodoc Pine Labour Union," "Natural Selection," "Casperl," "A Second-Hand Story," "Mrs. Tom's Spree," and "Squire Five-Fathom."

Struck by Lightning. The Comedy of Being a Man. By Burton Kline. New York: John Lane Company. $1.30 net.

The comedy of a love affair conducted regardless of the stares of social Boston and the possible ruin of the hero's political career.

Susan Clegg and Her Love Affairs. By Anne Warner. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. Illustrated. $1.30 net.

The final record of the experiences of a character well known in fiction.

They of the High Trails. By Hamlin Garland. New York: Harper & Brothers. Illustrated. $1.35 net.

Short stories of the west. Included in the volume are "The Grub-staker," "The Cow-boss," "The Remittance Man," "The Lonesome Man," "The Trail Tramp," "The Prospector," "The Outlaw," "The Leaser," and "The Forest Ranger."

Those Gillespies. By William John Hopkins. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. Illustrated. $1.25 net.

A story of the tangled love affairs of five people. The scene is laid in Boston and there are glimpses of Back Bay and Beacon Hill society.

Tippecanoe. Being a True Chronicle of Certain Passages Between David Larrence and Antoinette O'Bannon of the Battle of Tippecanoe in the Indiana Wilderness, and of What Befell Thereafter in Old Corydon and Now First Set Forth. By Samuel McCoy. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. Illustrated. $1.25 net.

A romantic novel, the scenes of which are laid in Indiana in 1811.

Under the Country Sky. By Grace S. Richmond. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Company. Illustrated. $1.25 net.

The romance of an American country girl whose traits are courage and optimism.

Uneasy Money. By Pelham Grenville Wodehouse. New York: D. Appleton & Company. Illustrated. $1.35 net.

A story of humourous complications, involving an English lord, an American girl, and a fortune.

Viviette. By William J. Locke. New York: John Lane Company. Illustrated. $1.00 net.

A love story with scenes set in an English country house.

Web of Steel. By Cyrus Townsend Brady and Cyrus Townsend Brady, Jr. New York: Fleming H. Revell Company. Illustrated. $1.35 net.

Through the breaking down of the great steel bridge on which he is working, the engineer faces disgrace and a ruined reputation. To shield him his son assumes the blame. How he redeems his name and works himself back to love and honour form the theme of the story.

We Three. By Gouverneur Morris. New York: D. Appleton & Company. Illustrated. $1.35 net.

The story of a man, his wife, and another man, picturing a phase of society life among the smart set of New York.

The Whirligig of Time. By Wayland Wells Williams. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. Frontispiece. $1.30 net.

The story of two brothers of contrasting dispositions. The story tells of their life in college, the choosing of their respective spheres in life, and of their romances.

the battlefields of Europe.

Brunkhurst. New York: George H. Doran Company. $1.25 net.

A story of rural life centring about an author, his artist wife and their three adopted boys.

Juvenile

The Farm That Jack Built. Making Good on the Farm. By W. O. Stoddard. New York: D. Appleton & Company. Illustrated. $1.35 net.

The story of how an up-to-date boy worked his farm on the scientific method and made it pay.

Girls of the Morning-Glory Camp Fire. By Isabel Hornibrook. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company. Illustrated. $1.20 net.

A story of a summer vacation spent on the New England coast by a group of Camp Fire girls.

The Keepers of the Trail. A Story of the Great Woods. By Joseph A. Altsheler. New York: D. Appleton & Company. Illustrated. $1.35 net.

The third volume in the *Young Trailer* series for boys. An adventure story of the pioneers of Kentucky.

The Lance of Kanana: A Story of Arabia. By Harry W. French ("Abd El Ardavan"). Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company. Illustrated. $1.00 net.

A new edition of a book first published in 1892. The story of a Bedouin youth.

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Making Good in the Village. By W. O. Stoddard, Jr. New York: D. Appleton & Company. Illustrated. $1.35 net.
The story of an ambitious boy who makes a success of his work in a small village hardware store.

Midshipman Stanford: A Story of Midshipman Life at Annapolis. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company. Illustrated. $1.20 net.

The Red House Children Growing Up. By Amanda M. Douglas. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company. Illustrated. $1.00 net.
A new volume in the *Little Red House Series* telling of the coming of young manhood and young womanhood to the eight lively brothers and sisters of the Mann family.

That's Why Stories. By Ruth O. Dyer. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company. Illustrated. $1.00 net.
A collection of short nature stories assigning reasons for many things of interest to the child.

T. Haviland Hicks, Junior. By J. Raymond Elderdice. New York: D. Appleton & Company. Illustrated. $1.25 net.
A story of college life for boys.

"Truly Stories from the Surely Bible." Adapted by Margaret Howard. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company. $1.00 net.
Stories from the Old Testament adapted for children.

When I Was a Boy in Russia. By Vladimir De Bogory Mokrievitch. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company. Illustrated. 75 cents net.
The seventh volume in the *Children of Other Lands Books.* The story of the author's early life and a picture of Russian life and customs.

When Mother Lets Us Carpenter. A Book Telling Boys and Girls How to Make Many Useful and Attractive Articles with Few Tools and at a Small Expense. By John D. Adams. New York: Moffat, Yard & Company. 75 cents.
The latest volume in the *When Mother Lets Us Series.* Illustrated with diagrams and pictures of completed articles.

History

The Administration of President Hayes. The Larwell Lectures, 1915, Delivered at Kenyon College. By John W. Burgess. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Frontispiece. $1.00 net.
Four lectures, with an introduction and an index.

America's Foreign Relations. By Willis Fletcher Johnson. New York: The Century Company. With Portraits. Two Volumes. $6.00 net.
A non-technical history of the foreign relations of the United States. The appendix contains a catalogue of all treaties and international agreements to which the United States has been a party, and the texts of numerous treaties and related documents. There is an analytical index, forming a synopsis of the work.

The Conquest of Virginia. The Forest Primeval. An Account, Based on Original Documents, of the Indians in That Portion of the Continent in Which Was Established the First English Colony in America. By Conway Whittle Sams. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Illustrated. $3.50 net.

Filibusters and Financiers. The Story of William Walker and His Associates. New York: The Macmillan Company. Frontispiece and Maps. $2.50.
The story of the filibustering movements in Latin America in the fifties.

The German Empire Between Two Wars. A Study of the Political and Social Development of the Nation Between 1871 and 1914. By Robert Herndon Fife, Jr. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.50.
The author first discusses the relations of Germany with foreign powers from 1871 to 1914, then takes up internal politics during the same period, with particular attention to the government of the rapidly growing cities, the school systems and the press.

The History and Significance of the American Flag. By Emily Katharine Ide. Boston: Privately published. Illustrated. 70 cents.
A brief outline of the origin, development, history and significance of the American flag.

Presidential Nominations and Elections. A History of American Conventions, National Campaigns, Inaugurations and Campaign Caricature. By Joseph Bucklin Bishop. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Illustrated. $1.50 net.
Written in popular form and illustrated with photographs, sketches and contemporary cartoons.

Russia and Democracy. The German Canker in Russia. By G. De Wesselitsky. With a Preface by Henry Cust. New York: Duffield & Company. 75 cents net.
An account of Russian development during the last two hundred years, with special reference to the growth and decline of German political and economical influence in Russia.

Scandinavian Immigrants in New York (City and State), 1630-1674. With Appendices on Scandinavians in South America, 1532-1640; Scandinavians in Canada, 1619-1620; Some Scandinavians

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in New York in the Eighteenth Century; German Immigrants in New York, 1630-1674. By John O. Evjen. Minneapolis: K. C. Holter Publishing Company. Illustrated. $2.50.

A collection of biographical articles on Norwegian, Danish and Swedish immigrants who settled in New Netherland, or the present State of New York, between the years of 1630 and 1674.

Travel, Description

The Cruise of the Tomas Barrera. The Narrative of a Scientific Expedition to Western Cuba and the Colorados Reefs, with Observations on the Geology, Fauna, and Flora of the Region. By John B. Henderson. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. With Illustrations and Maps. $2.50.

Nights in London. By Thomas Burke. New York: Henry Holt & Company. $2.50 net.

Sketches of adventures in many strange and out-of-the-way places in London.

Biography and Memoirs

C. K. Chesterton. A Critical Study. By Jules West. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. Frontispiece. $2.00 net.

A study of the life and works of G. K. Chesterton. There is a bibliography of his work to July, 1915.

A Dictionary of Universal Biography of All Ages and of All Peoples. By Albert M. Hyamson. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. $7.50 net.

Brief identifications of notable figures of all ages.

Abraham Lincoln: The Lawyer-Statesman. By John T. Richards. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. Illustrated. $2.50 net.

Presenting the results of an investigation into Lincoln's career as a lawyer. There are chapters on Lincoln as an orator and "Gems of Thought from Lincoln." An appendix contains "Lincoln's Cases in the Illinois Supreme Court and the United States Supreme Court." The work has an index.

Nights: Rome and Venice in the Æsthetic Eighties; London and Paris in the Fighting Nineties. By Elizabeth Robins Pennell. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. Illustrated. $3.00 net.

A book of literary and artistic reminiscences of twenty years.

Personal Recollections of Abraham Lincoln. By Henry B. Rankin, with an Introduction by Joseph Fort Newton. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Illustrated. $2.70 net.

An intimate picture of Abraham Lincoln by one who was for several years a student in the law office of Herndon & Lincoln.

Reveries Over Childhood and Youth. By William Butler Yeats. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.00 net.

Memories and impressions of the author's early years.

Bernard Shaw: The Twentieth Century Molière. By Augustin Hamon. Translated from the French by Eden and Cedar Paul. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. $2.50 net.

A study of Shaw the man, an analysis of his dramatic methods and an exposition of the principles of dramatic technique.

Union Portraits. By Gamaliel Bradford. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. Illustrated. $1.50 net.

Biographical studies of George B. McClellan, Joseph Hooker, George Gordon Meade, George Henry Thomas, William Tecumseh Sherman, Edwin McMasters Stanton, William Henry C. Wood, Charles Sumner, Samuel Bowles. There are notes and an index.

Nature Books

Canoeing in the Wilderness. By Henry D. Thoreau. Edited by Clifton Johnson. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.00 net.

An abridged edition.

Child and Country. A book of the Younger Generation. By Will Levington Comfort. New York: George H. Doran Company. $1.25 net.

A description of the author's home-making on the shores of Lake Erie, where, among other things, he devotes himself to the task of evolving better methods of education for children. An appreciation of out-of-door life.

The Hills of Hingham. By Dallas Lore Sharp. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.25 net.

An appreciation of rural life in the form of a personal narrative.

The Mountain. Renewed Studies in Impressions and Appearances. By John C. Van Dyke. Frontispiece. $1.25 net.

Studies of the various aspects of mountains, both scientific and æsthetic, in all parts of the world.

Miscellaneous

A-B-C of Automobile Driving. By A. Hyatt Verrill. New York: Harper & Brothers. Illustrated. 50 cents net.

In his foreword the author states the object of the book to be: "First, to teach beginners how to manage an automobile; and second, to show those who know how to operate a car the proper way to drive in order to minimise the danger of accidents."

A-B-C of Motion Pictures. By Robert E. Welsh. New York: Harper & Brothers. Illustrated. 50 cents net.

An explanation of the essential facts in

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the history of the art of motion pictures, and the principles allied with it which are of most general interest to the public at large.

Blackfeet Tales of Glacier National Park. By James Willard Schultz. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. Illustrated. $2.00 net.

A collection of Indian legends gathered by the author during a recent visit to the Blackfeet tribe, of which he is a member. Combined with the stories is the author's narrative of his experiences and adventures with the Indians.

The Citizens Book. Edited by Charles R. Hebble and Frank P. Goodwin. Published Under the Auspices of the Cincinnati Chamber of Commerce. Cincinnati: Stewart & Kidd Company. Illustrated. $1.25 net.

A study of the city, its life, government and institutions.

Four Dimensional Vistas. By Claude Bragdon. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, $1.25.

A contribution to the literature of the Fourth Dimension and Theosophy.

"Mother" in Verse and Prose. A Book of Remembrance. Compiled by Susan Tracy Rice. Edited by Robert Haven Schauffler. New York: Moffat, Yard & Company. Illustrated. $1.50 net.

Selections of prose and verse of notable authors and poets on the subject of "Mother."

The New Golf. By P. A. Vaile. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. Illustrated. $2.00 net.

Instructions in golf, aimed to be of value both to beginner and champion.

Our Mothers. Compiled by Mary Allette Ayer. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company. Frontispiece. $1.00 net.

Prose and verse selections bearing tribute to mothers.

The Photoplay. A Psychological Study. By Hugo Münsterberg. New York: D. Appleton & Company. $1.00 net.

The results of the author's psychological and æsthetic investigation of the photoplay.

The Science of Thinking. By Henry Hazlitt. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. $1.00 net.

A guide to mental clearness and power.

Selected Quotations on Peace and War. With Especial Reference to a Course of Lessons on International Peace, a Study in Christian Fraternity. Compiled and Published by the Commission on Christian Education of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America. New York. $1.00.

Prepared especially for the aid of pastors and Sunday-school teachers. Selections made from works dealing with the question of international relations.

Three Things Every Boy Must Have. By Charles S. Lyles. Boston: Richard G. Badger. 75 cents.

Short sketches emphasising the importance of heat, light and companions in a boy's life.

Tobacco Habit Easily Conquered: How to Do It Agreeably and Without Drugs. With an Appendix, "Tobacco, the Destroyer." By M. MacLevy. New York: Albro Society, Inc. Frontispiece. $1.25 net.

We. A Confession of Faith for the American People During and After War. A Study of the Art of Making Things Happen. A Recommendation of the First Person Plural for Men and Nations. By Gerald Stanley Lee. Garden City: Doubleday, Page and Company. $1.50 net.

Papers on a wide variety of subjects of popular interest arranged under such headings as "Eleven Dumb Nations," "A Confession of Faith," "The American Temperament and War," "Mr. Carnegie and His Peace Flock," "Mr. Rockefeller and His Relief Work," "Dramatising Business," "America, Germany and the World," "The President, The People and this Book, Also the Colonel."

Why War. By Frederic C. Howe. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50 net.

An analysis of the fundamental causes of modern war.

Psychology

Psychology of the Unconscious: A Study of the Transformations and Symbolisms of the Libido. A Contribution to the History of the Evolution of Thought. By Dr. C. G. Jung. Authorised translation, with Introduction by Beatrice M. Hinkle. New York: Moffat, Yard & Company. $4.00 net.

Said to be "An outgrowth of the method of psycho-analysis, first developed by Freud, whereby the unconscious minds of individuals were subjected to analysis."

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THE BOOK MART

The following is a list of the most popular new books in order of demand, as sold between the first of April and the first of May:

FICTION

CITY	1ST ON LIST	2D ON LIST
New York City	Seventeen	Behold the Woman!
Albany, N. Y.	Seventeen	Just David
Atlanta, Ga.	Just David	Nan of Music Mountain
Baltimore, Md.	The Belfry	Seventeen
Birmingham, Ala.	Just David	Nan of Music Mountain
Boston, Mass.	Just David	Seventeen
Boston, Mass.	Seventeen	Just David
Chicago, Ill.	Just David	Nan of Music Mountain
Cincinnati, Ohio	Seventeen	Nan of Music Mountain
Cleveland, O.	Seventeen	Curved Blades
Dallas, Texas	Seventeen	Just David
Denver, Colo.	Just David	Seventeen
Des Moines, Ia.	Just David	Seventeen
Detroit, Mich.	Seventeen	Just David
Houston, Tex.	The Real Adventure	Held to Answer
Indianapolis, Ind.	Seventeen	The Real Adventure
Kansas City, Mo.	Held to Answer	Seventeen
Los Angeles, Cal.	Just David	Nan of Music Mountain
Los Angeles, Cal.	The Man of Promise	Nan of Music Mountain
Louisville, Ky.	Just David	Destiny
Milwaukee, Wis.	Just David	Nan of Music Mountain
Minneapolis, Minn.	Seventeen	Just David
New Haven, Conn.	The Whirligig of Time	Just David
New Orleans, La.	Mrs. Balfame	Life and Gabriella
Norfolk, Va.	The Real Adventure	Life and Gabriella
Philadelphia, Pa.	Just David	Seventeen
Pittsburgh, Pa.	Seventeen	Just David
Portland, Me.	Seventeen	Nan of Music Mountain
Portland, Ore.	Just David	The Real Adventure
Providence, R. I.	Mrs. Balfame	Seventeen
Richmond, Va.	People Like That	Seventeen
Rochester, N. Y.	Just David	Nan of Music Mountain
St. Louis, Mo.	Seventeen	John Bogardus
St. Louis, Mo.	Seventeen	The Fifth Wheel
St. Paul, Minn.	Just David	Seventeen
San Antonio, Tex.	Seventeen	The Real Adventure
San Francisco, Cal.	The Real Adventure	The Little Lady of the Big House
San Francisco, Cal.	Abyss	Seventeen
Seattle, Wash.	Nan of Music Mountain	Seventeen
Spokane, Wash.	Nan of Music Mountain	Life and Gabriella
Tacoma, Wash.	Nan of Music Mountain	Seventeen
Toledo, Ohio	Just David	Nan of Music Mountain
Toronto, Ont.	The First Hundred Thousand	Bars of Iron
Utica, N. Y.	Seventeen	Nan of Music Mountain
Washington, D. C.	Dear Enemy	Life and Gabriella
Worcester, Mass.	Just David	The Fifth Wheel

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(*Continued*)

FICTION

3D ON LIST	4TH ON LIST	5TH ON LIST	6TH ON LIST
A Great Success	The Return of Dr. Fu Manchu	The Twin Sisters	Just David
Bars of Iron	An Amiable Charlatan	The Little Lady of the Big House	Nan of Music Mountain
Seventeen	Mrs. Balfame	The Side of the Angels	The Real Adventure
Bars of Iron	Mr. and Mrs. Pierce	Just David	Nan of Music Mountain
The Real Adventure	Seventeen	Life and Gabriella	Mrs. Balfame
Under the Country Sky	An Amiable Charlatan	Her Husband's Purse	The Abyss
An Amiable Charlatan	Nan of Music Mountain	The Side of the Angels	Behind the Bolted Door
The Bent Twig	Seventeen	Bars of Iron	The Accolade
The Rudder	Just David	The Little Lady of the Big House	The Real Adventure
Just David	Destiny	Mrs. Balfame	The Fifth Wheel
Mrs. Balfame	The Bent Twig	Held to Answer	The Strangers' Wedding
Held to Answer	The Hilltop on the Marne	Pollyanna	A Far Country
The Hunted Woman	Life and Gabriella	Destiny	Her Husband's Purse
The Real Adventure	Held to Answer	Mrs. Balfame	The Hunted Woman
Life and Gabriella	Just David	Our Miss York	Seventeen
Just David	Her Husband's Purse	Nan of Music Mountain	The Belfry
A Pair of Silk Stockings	Dear Enemy	The Side of the Angels	Mrs. Balfame
The Real Adventure	Seventeen	The Abyss	The Hunted Woman
The Real Adventure	Just David	The Abyss	The Side of the Angels
Nan of Music Mountain	Common Clay	Seventeen	Her Husband's Purse
The Light that Lies	The Side of the Angels	Mr. and Mrs. Pierce	The Beasts of Tarzan
Held to Answer	The Belfry	Mrs. Balfame	The Bent Twig
Seventeen	Bars of Iron	Nan of Music Mountain	Drusilla with a Million
Seventeen	The Belfry	The Side of the Angels	A Cathedral Singer
People Like That	The Better Man	The Light That Lies	Held to Answer
Her Husband's Purse	Bars of Iron	Destiny	The Fifth Wheel
Bars of Iron	John Bogardus	Ruggles	The Real Adventure
Just David	Bars of Iron	Life and Gabriella	Mrs. Balfame
John Bogardus	Life and Gabriella	Mrs. Balfame	Green Mansions
The Belfry	The Rudder	The Fifth Wheel	Just David
Just David	A Man's Reach	Nan of Music Mountain	Mildew Manse
Seventeen	The Fifth Wheel	Mary Rose of Mifflin	The Story of Julia Page
Life and Gabriella	Dear Enemy	Thankful's Inheritance	The Accolade
Mrs. Balfame	Just David	Fulfillment	The Little Lady of the Big House
Held to Answer	Life and Gabriella	The Side of the Angels	Dear Enemy
The Eternal Magdalene	Just David	Prudence of the Parsonage	The Vindication
Just David	The Blind Man's Eyes	Held to Answer	Seventeen
Just David	Nan of Music Mountain	Fulfillment	The Amateur
Just David	Held to Answer	Life and Gabriella	Then I'll Come Back to You
Seventeen	Dear Enemy	The Story of Julia Page	Just David
Held to Answer	Just David	Life and Gabriella	Dear Enemy
Her Husband's Purse	The Real Adventure	The Phantom Herd	The Twin Sisters
Just David	Seventeen	The Real Adventure	Held to Answer
Just David	Behold the Woman!	The Fifth Wheel	The Rudder
Just David	Seventeen	Bars of Iron	The Little Lady of the Big House
Bars of Iron	Dear Enemy	Seventeen	An Amiable Charlatan

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BOOKS—NON-FICTION—ON DEMAND—FROM THE BOOKSELLERS' LISTS

The First Hundred Thousand. Hay.
Eat and Grow Thin. Thompson.
Fear God and Take Your Own Part. Roosevelt.
The Pentecost of Calamity. Wister.
Spoon River Anthology. Masters.
A Hilltop on the Marne. Aldrich.
Ordeal by Battle. Oliver.
Germany vs. Civilisation. Thayer.
The Collected Poems of Rupert Brooke.
Efficient Living. Purinton.
"Speaking of Operations." Cobb.
Charles Francis Adams. An Autobiography.

BEST SELLING BOOKS

From the lists sent in by the booksellers from the various cities (see charts, pages 454 and 455) the six best-selling books (fiction) are selected according to the following system:

A book standing	1st	on any lists			receives	10
" " "	2d	" " "			"	8
" " "	3d	" " "			"	7
" " "	4th	" " "			"	6
" " "	5th	" " "			"	5
" " "	6th	" " "			"	4

According to the foregoing lists, the six books (fiction) which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

		POINTS
1	Seventeen. Tarkington. (Harper.) $1.35 ..... Just David. Porter. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.25	329
2.	Nan of Music Mountain. Spearman. (Scribner.) $1.35	160
3.	The Real Adventure. Webster. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50	105
4.	Life and Gabriella. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.....	84
5.	Held to Answer. MacFarlane. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.....	76

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